

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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*A Weekly Illustrated Magazine
For All The Family*

NOVEMBER 13, 1924
VOLUME 98, NO. 46



LET OUR CHILDREN BE TAUGHT THE MEANING OF FAIR PLAY..THE FIRST LESSONS ARE LEARNED IN THE SIMPLE GAMES OF CHILDHOOD..ATHLETICS TEACH IT IN SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES..THERE ARE CONSTANT APPLICATIONS THROUGH ALL THE YEARS OF LIFE—IN PROFESSIONS. TRADES AND BUSINESS..IN A SENSE·LIFE IS A GAME IN WHICH SOME WIN—SOME LOSE·BUT NO REAL MAN WILL GRUMBLE WHEN HE LOSES UNDER THE RULES OF FAIR PLAY

THE THANKSGIVING NUMBER

will appear next week. Besides a new chapter in **The Mysterious Tutor**, Miss Blake's fascinating serial, the issue will contain **The Great Kapatong**, by Lieut. Warren H. Miller, a tale of savage life in Borneo, and an appetizing foretaste of the excitement and thrill of his serial story, **The Antelope Kris**, which will be printed next year; **The Rolling Pumpkin**, a story of a moving house in which humor and pathos are delightfully blended, by Mary E. Barnford; and **In The Chaparral**, the extraordinary and perilous adventure of a farm boy going after the cows, by Paul E. Triem. The issue will carry a Historic Milestone Cover gorgeous in color and romantic in subject. It deals with those picturesque ruffians, the buccaneers, who long were the terror of our Atlantic Coast.

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION is an illustrated weekly paper for all the family. Issued weekly by the Perry Mason Company. The Youth's Companion, Publication Office, Rumford Building, Ferry Street, CONCORD, N. H., Editorial and business offices, 851 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass. Subscription price is \$2.50 a year, in advance, including postage prepaid to any address in the United States and Canada, and \$3.00 to foreign countries. Entered as second-class matter, Nov. 1, 1923, at the Post Office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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PERRY MASON COMPANY
The Youth's Companion
Boston, Mass.

LOOSE BODIES IN JOINTS

A LOOSE body in a joint is usually a bit of the articular cartilage, with possibly a thin layer of bone attached to it, that as a result either of accident or of disease has been chipped from the articular end of the bone. A fall or a blow may knock off a little piece, or disease in the end of the bone may result in the death of the overlying cartilage, which then becomes loose and finally breaks off. Sometimes a little fatty tumor loosely attached by a long pedicle acts like a loose body and slips in between the surfaces of the joint. Again in tuberculous disease of the joints numerous little hard bodies that look like grains of rice, and that are called rice bodies, are formed and may get between the surfaces and act like other loose bodies.

When a loose body is pinched between the ends of the bones of a joint it gives rise to a sudden sharp pain, and the joint becomes locked. The victim rubs the joint—the knee is the part usually affected—or gets some one else to rub it and manipulate it until the offending body drops outside and motion again becomes possible. But the trouble is not yet over, for the injury done to the joint causes inflammation with the usual symptoms of heat, pain and swelling. With rest and proper treatment the inflammation, which is mild, gradually subsides, and the sufferer is relieved until the loose body slips in and is pinched again—and then the same train of symptoms is repeated. Between attacks the patient can often feel the loose body on one side or the other of the joint.

Similar symptoms are caused by a tear of a part of the articular cartilage of the knee, usually on its inner side; the cartilage is not wholly detached, but merely slips a little. The tear is usually the result of an injury to the knee and is not uncommon among players of tennis or football. The symptoms of slipping of the cartilage are virtually the same as those caused by a loose body, except that with a loose body the pain may be felt in almost any part of the joint, whereas with a simple displaced cartilage it is always in the same place. After the cartilage has slipped back into place as a result of manipulations the joint may be strapped or splinted so as to keep it straight, for it is only when the knee is bent that the accident can occur. It is probable, however, that the trouble will recur when the patient begins to use the joint again, and then, as well as in the case of a loose body, only an operation will give permanent relief.

A SOLDIER'S AGE

NAPOLEON in his Italian successes captured a Hungarian battalion. The colonel, an old man, said that he had fought in the army of Maria Theresa.

"You must be old," said Napoleon.

"Yes, I am," the colonel replied, "either sixty or seventy."

"Why, colonel," exclaimed Napoleon, "you have certainly lived long enough to know how to count years a little more closely."

"General," replied the Hungarian, "I reckon my money, my shirts and my horses, but as for my years I know that no one will want to steal them, and that I shall never lose one of them."

THE WAITER'S FAVORITE DISH

THREE men seated at table at a certain hotel, says the Western Christian Advocate, were discussing their favorite game food. The first declared that nothing could be compared with pheasant. The second preferred partridge. The third was enthusiastic over quail.

In order to decide which food really was the best they appealed to the colored waiter.

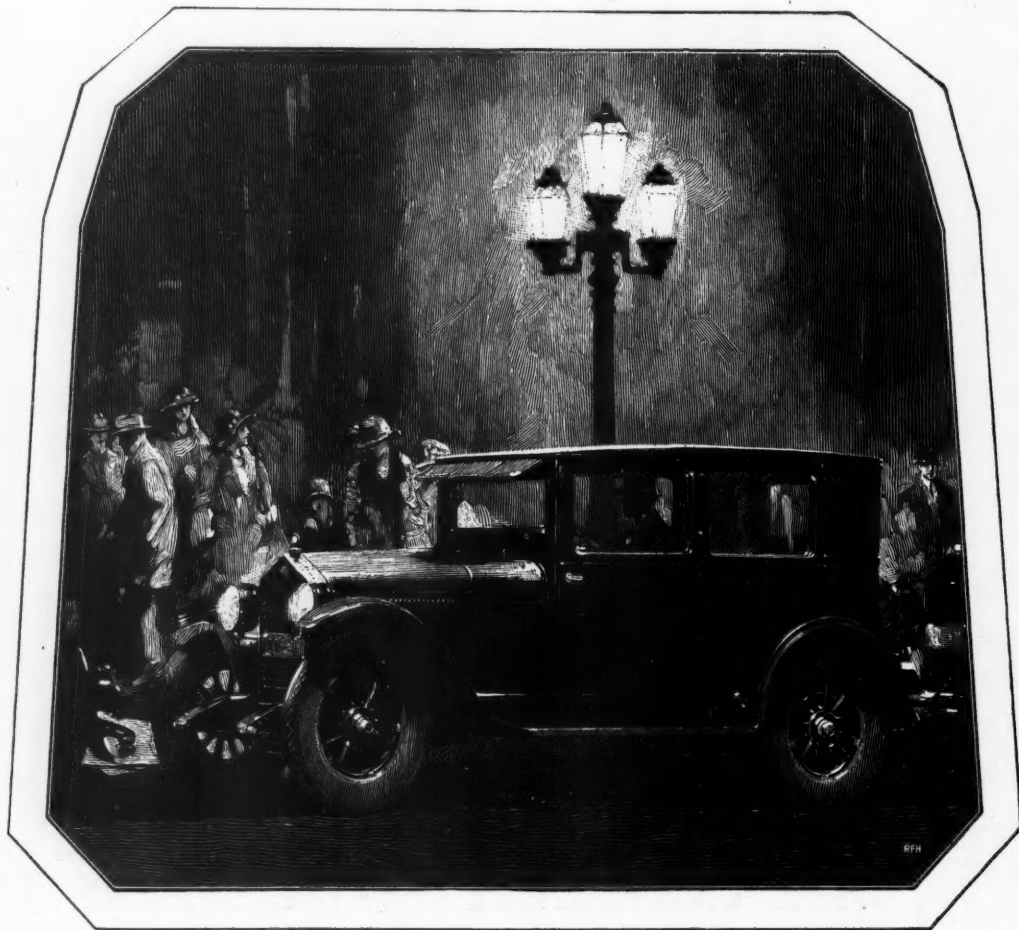
"Well, suh," replied the waiter slowly, "for mah part, I would rather have an American eagle served on a silvah dollah."

Very likely he got it.

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Still Another Reason From the Wall Street Journal

Hudson Motor Car Co.'s recent statement that its sales of cars during the first seven and one-half months of 1924 were in excess of total business during the whole of 1923 calls attention to the exceptional position of this company, both as manufacturer and merchandiser. In view of the conditions which have beset nearly every producer during the past four months, this record of 95,000 cars in seven and one-half months this year against 88,000 cars in all of 1923 is entitled to more than ordinary notice.

Continuing personnel is another important factor in Hudson's remarkable showing. The same officials who "put Hudson over" when it was a small affair are still at the helm. There is a wealth of talent within the Hudson organization of which the public hears but little, which seems content to saw wood year in and year out, and to successfully evade the spotlight of personal publicity.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

THE BEST OF AMERICAN LIFE IN FICTION FACT AND COMMENT

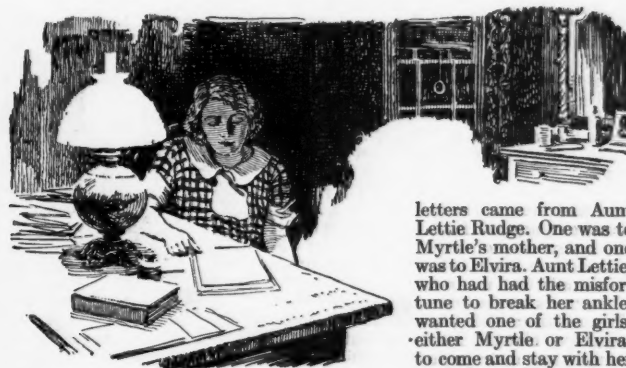
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY IN THE YEAR

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YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$2.50 TEN CENTS A COPY



Aunt Lettie looked thoughtful. Elvira held her breath



letters came from Aunt Lettie Rudge. One was to Myrtle's mother, and one was to Elvira. Aunt Lettie, who had had the misfortune to break her ankle, wanted one of the girls, either Myrtle or Elvira, to come and stay with her until she could get about.

Green wouldn't pay much. Scenario writers earn an awful lot of money—as much as fifty dollars a week sometimes.

Mrs. Godey dropped the darning into her lap and raised dazzled eyes. "Fifty dollars a week!" she murmured.

"Well—" Pa began doubtfully, but Ma interrupted him:

"And it only costs ten dollars to take the course! Pa, we mustn't be penny wise and pound foolish."

Mr. Godey preferred to settle the matter with philosophy from his own stock.

"Well, ten dollars ain't so much to cast upon the waters. And I suppose it's right for Elvie to hitch her wagon to a star."

"A movie star?" inquired little Ellen wickedly. Ellen was only fourteen years old, but she had a disconcerting kind of wit.

"A star is what I said," repeated Pa firmly. "All right, Elvie, I'll give you the money that you need tomorrow. We'll take time by the forelock."

Elvira's enterprise was soon noised about Mapleville. The week following two of her girl friends and her cousin, Myrtle Hubbard, also enrolled as students of the correspondence school for scenario writers. When the lessons began to come the girls had a great time discussing plots and the stars for whom they meant to write. The lessons were not difficult, but Elvira found it rather hard to apply herself to the work for many hours of the day. She was not naturally fond of books or the labor of writing, but the thought of the stupendous sums to be earned kept her determined.

At last she finished her first scenario, to the complete destruction of the villain and the utter bliss of the hero and the heroine. Elvira read it to her family, and the Godeys were unanimous in declaring that it was better than any picture they had ever seen. So Elvira despatched it to a large producer and began to write another. She expected almost any day to receive a check.

Before her second scenario was finished, however, two

"CONSIDER THE AUNT"

By Hilda Morris



HE Godeys were an amiable family, but they had one peculiarity. For guidance in most of their affairs, whether business or social, they depended on the wisdom of old-fashioned maxims. They were forever quoting maxims; the Godey children were accustomed to family councils in which things were firmly settled by the application of a pertinent proverb. To be sure decisions so reached did not always bring the expected results. "Nothing venture, nothing have" had decided the matter of father's investments in oil, which had proved worthless. But Mrs. Godey had comforted herself with the reflection that "a burnt child dreads the fire," and Pa would not be likely to feed the flames with more oil. He never did.

Mrs. Godey herself excused her extravagant love for the finest china by declaring that she would never be "penny wise and pound foolish"—a resolution that led her to purchase dishes so elegant that the family never dared to use them, but had to be content with viewing them on the cabinet shelves.

As for Elvira Godey, who had studied English in the township high school, her favorite quotation presently became "Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy." And when presently she began to long for raiment even more costly than that she decided that she should have to earn some money.

The Godeys always settled things in family conclave. One night after supper they sat about the sitting-room table discussing Elvira's future career. Mr. Godey,

stretching his slippered feet comfortably toward the stove, began:

"Well, I've always said woman's place was in the home, but I suppose times have changed. If Elvie really wants a career, I won't stand in her way. What's your plan, daughter?"

Elvira, a pretty girl seventeen years old, busy now with a bit of sewing, spoke up with vast determination. "I'm going to be a scenario writer," she said.

Mrs. Godey was so startled that she broke her needle on the darning egg in Pa's sock. "My stars!" she exclaimed. "A scenario writer! How do you get to be one?"

Elvira drew a treasured page from her pocket and showed them a magazine advertisement. "You take a course," she explained. "You send ten dollars, and they tell you what to do. Then you get paid a lot for what you write."

Jim Godey, who was Elvira's twin, nodded. "That's the thing to do," he agreed. "Anybody who wants to do anything nowadays just has to take a course in it. I read the ads; I know."

Pa pursed his lips thoughtfully. "Well," he said, "I was thinking maybe Elvie'd like to work in Miss Green's millinery store or learn typewriting."

Elvira smiled patiently. "O Pa, that's not a career. Miss

DRAWINGS BY JOHN GOSS



hated idleness, and as soon as she was able to sit up she asked Elvira to bring her work. She was making an old-fashioned hooked rug with a delightful pattern of roses carefully fashioned by pulling loops of flannel through a burlap foundation with a little steel hook. Elvira had seen dozens of such rugs,—they had some at home, made by her grandmother,—and she did not think them nearly so pretty as the velvet rugs in the stores. She wondered how Aunt Lettie could sit all day so contentedly pulling the little hook in and out, making the roses bloom beneath her hand.

"Tell me about your screen stories," Aunt Lettie urged her.

While the girl recited the thrilling details of her story that was to bring her fame and fortune the old lady sat with a funny half smile upon her lips; her hands never ceased their quiet task. "Umm," she observed. "And when do you reckon to get the money for it?"

"Oh, soon," said Elvira. "They've got to read it first. I'll hear soon." And, imagining the money and fame that were to be hers for a few hours' work, she looked rather pityingly at Aunt Lettie, who was content to sit quiet and make rugs.

A knock at the door interrupted them. Peering from the window, Elvira saw a beautiful shining limousine outside. She opened the door to face a smiling young lady in clothes that had "city" all over them.

"This is Mrs. Rudge's house?" inquired the stranger. "May I see Mrs. Rudge?"

Elvira ushered her into the little sitting room bright with sun and with the geraniums at the window. In her old-fashioned wing chair sat Aunt Lettie with a small rug across her knees. At sight of it the visitor's eyes brightened.

"How perfectly beautiful!" she cried. "Oh, forgive me for exclaiming so, but I couldn't help it. I'm Mrs. Elliot from New York, and I took the liberty of coming here, Mrs. Rudge, because they told me you make such lovely hooked rugs. I am looking for some to buy."

Aunt Lettie's dark eyes twinkled. "Elvie, get Mrs. Elliot a chair," she said.

Elvira got the chair and sat quiet, eagerly inspecting the charming stranger.

"Well, I was not making this one to sell," said Aunt Lettie. "But I've been selling rugs for a year now; people drive up and ask for them from time to time. You can have the large one over there when it's finished."

Mrs. Elliot clapped her hands. "It's the loveliest modern one I've seen!" she declared. "And so large too, almost a carpet. I'll give you eighty dollars for it."

Aunt Lettie looked pleased. "Well, now, that's a good price, more than I'd hoped. You can have it."

"But that isn't all," continued Mrs. Elliot. "I'm a decorator, you know, and I can use all you make. I'd like to have you send me a great many. Can you?"

Aunt Lettie looked thoughtful. Elvira held her breath.

"Well," said Aunt Lettie, "I think I can. Of course it takes time; I've been six weeks at this one. But maybe I can get some one to help me. I could find some old rugs for you too. Yes, I'll send you all I make."

When the lady had gone after leaving her check Elvira helped Aunt Lettie work upon the rug, which was to be finished and sent off next day. The girl was wide-eyed with astonishment.

"Eighty dollars!" she exclaimed. "That's an awful lot of money for a rug, Aunt Lettie!"

Aunt Lettie smiled. "But nothing to what you're going to make with scenarios," she reminded her niece. "It's enough for me, though, and enough is as good as a feast. You're right handy with this work, Elvira."

Elvira walked to the village for the mail that evening and found a letter from her mother. Alas, her mother wrote, the scenario had come back! Come back without a single word of apology too! Mrs. Godey thought it strange, such a nice story! And Myrtle's had met the same fate. Myrtle said she wasn't going to waste any more time writing for folks who didn't appreciate what she did.

Elvira did not tell Aunt Lettie; she went to bed silent and thoughtful. For a long time she lay awake, staring up at the square of starry sky outside her window. She didn't believe that her story had been so good after all. And she had not found it easy to do, not half so much fun really as using her capable,

slim hands to weave bright bits of color into Aunt Lettie's rugs. Elvira had always been clever with sewing and fancy work; she was, as her mother said, "tasty." With the rugs she reflected you could see that you were producing something. It was slow, one little loop at a time, but when the work was done it showed. And you got paid for it! Elvira began to doubt whether she should ever make a scenario writer.

The next morning she got her hook and sat down right after breakfast to help with the rugs. "Aunt Lettie," she said slowly, "do you s'pose, if I stayed here a while and helped you make hooked rugs and went

round buying them from other folks too for Mrs. Elliot, that I could earn any money?"

Aunt Lettie shoved her glasses down and looked over them at Elvira; her black eyes were keen. Then she chuckled. "Not any such money as scenario writers make," she said, "but you could make some of course—maybe ten to twenty dollars a week."

"Well," said Elvira, "I've decided not to write any more. I—it doesn't come natural to me, Aunt Lettie. I've been thinking it over, and—can't I stay?"

Aunt Lettie looked pleased. "Well, it's tedious work," she warned her. "Just in

and out, in and out with this little hook. Won't you tire of it?"

Elvira shook her head. "No. And anyway, even if I do, I'll keep on. That's the way most things are done, isn't it, Aunt Lettie?"

Aunt Lettie nodded her gray head wisely. "Yes," she agreed. "That's the way most worth-while things are done in this world. One little thing at a time one after another without stopping. That's industry."

Elvira bent over the crimson petal of a rose. She was smiling at a maxim that had taken on new significance.

"Consider the aunt," quoted Elvira.

THE FLITTING OF JOHNNY

By Frances L. Cooper



N this lovely morning in late October Nature was smiling as she often smiles in Montana. To a casual beholder the small stock and grain ranch appeared peaceful and well-to-do. Snug buildings, large stacks of straw, of alfalfa, of wild hay, much well-fenced land, grazing cattle and horses intimated that the Engle family should not have a care in the world.

But inside the house angry and worried voices told another story. Johnny Engle was angry because his father was angry; Mrs. Engle was worried because her husband was worried. Old John Engle hadn't made enough money in the past year to cover his borrowings, and he was forced to go to the county seat to entreat his bankers for an extension. And to him as to many a good man nagging his family was a relief and served as a vent for his fear.

Mrs. Engle was going with him; they were to be away for two days. Old John was harassing his son with detailed instructions. Young John, aged sixteen years, but clever at ranch work, naturally considered the directions as superfluous. He had been left alone before in charge of the ranch. Hot indignation filled him.

"Treats me just like a kid!" he muttered. "What's that?" demanded his father sharply, overhearing the muttered speech.

With an angry light in his blue eyes Johnny—how he detested the name!—started a vehement retort, but his mother's appealing eyes held him. "Aw—nothin'" he growled.

"It'd better be!" To any other eyes than his son's young, hard ones Engle would have appeared as a pitiful figure. "And see that you get those cows in on time and milked and don't forget to tighten up that loose wire across the creek. I don't want those cattle bustin' out just after we got 'em rounded up. And don't forget—"

He went on and on tirelessly; the boy was only half listening. His mother in her gentle way diverted the old man's attention, but not before he had made another hectoring remark. "An' see that you don't get gay and smash up any more wagons or cars either!"

That was the unkindest cut of all—to throw up to a fellow things he hadn't meant to do! Johnny kissed his mother good-by, nodded stiffly to his father and with an expanding tremor of resentment watched him wedge his body in behind the wheel of the rattly car. Then a sensation of freedom surged through him. It was good to be rid of his father's fault-finding!

His face settled into lines of good humor while he pondered what to do with his two days of liberty. The work was well up. Engle was an efficient man, a hard worker, ambitious for his son. Johnny meditated. Ranch life wasn't so bad after all. He supposed that, if his father got the loan extended, he would send him to live with Aunt Beth and finish high school. He had missed last year. Well, town was kind of fun.

He was rather lonesome now that his father and mother were gone. "Got a notion to go over to the Z.Z. ranch," he cogitated boldly and then sighed. The Z.Z. was

twenty miles away. Though it was only eight o'clock, by the time the fence was mended it would be too late to go. Besides, his father had forbidden him to leave the ranch.

The Z.Z. place was a fascinatingly big stock ranch. There were lots of cattle, lots of fine cowmen. Johnny admired them with all his soul, visited them as often as he could and had begged his father to let him work for the outfit. His petition had not even been honored by discussion. Still his father was fair; he paid him thirty dollars a month for his help. After all he guessed his father needed him.

Johnny went into the neat kitchen, got his rifle and, bidding the dog "Stay home!" diverted himself with a little target practice. Bored, he decided he might as well go fix the fence. With some pride he saddled his buckskin horse. Buck was a good horse, a real cow horse! He himself had broken him. Johnny rather fancied himself as a horse breaker and with reason, for since he was fourteen his father had let him break all the young horses to ride. These reflections guided him to another rancorous thought. Father was pretty mean not to let him break that gray three-year-old. Father was an old fogey; he never wanted a horse handled until he was at least four. The gray was his own horse too, just as Buck was. A little riding wouldn't hurt the colt, but his father's voice echoed in his mind: "No, son, that horse is good stuff—got real blood in him. These thoroughbreds grow slower than cayuses. He's yours to do what you want with when he's four and not till then. Get that?"

Johnny mounted the dependable Buck and loped off. When he had repaired the fence he passed a little time riding through the cattle and counting them. Then he went over to inspect the bunch of horses, some unbroken, but most of them work and saddle horses that would be turned out on the range for winter. The gray was wilder than the rest and kept his distance. Johnny admired him anew; the yearning of a born horseman was in his face. Big, high-headed, legs—my!

Devils of disobedience rioted within the boy. "Twas his horse! He had a right to do as he pleased with his own property! He'd have him gentled by tomorrow and show the old man! He rather itched for the row that would follow. He felt righteously furious. He was a man! Father treated him like a kid! Johnny! Couldn't call him plain John! "I'll show him!" he exclaimed, circling round the horses.

They were no trouble to corral; they loped into the inclosure with the boredom of long custom. Only the unbroken animals, the colts, were uneasy. Johnny had difficulty in cutting out the gray. He tied old Buck in the small, high, round corral as a lure and ran agilely about until he succeeded in shoeing the frightened gray in with him. Then he released the rest and watched them

tear back to the pasture, relieved and whinnying.

He lost no time in flipping a rope over the gray's wild head. Ordinarily he preferred the gentler methods of breaking, which were slower and better in the long run. But today he wanted no minutes wasted. A powerful fellow for his years, quick and skillful, he could ride a mean buck with the best of them. He anticipated no embarrassment. Standard-bred horses tamed easily; and there was no innate viciousness in the gray, no bronco blood. He would be scared stiff but submissive.

He snubbed the gray to the post in the centre of the corral. A couple of hours of cautious work and the quivering horse learned not to sag back on the rope and choke himself; he tolerated more and more quickly the caressing hand on his head and sweating neck.

When the boy considered that the time was right he proceeded to slip a heavy halter on the gray's head. Round his neck and through the halter ring he fastened a strong leading rope. He meant to leave the horse tied up for an hour or so to ponder and realize the powers of man. Johnny stepped back and gave the gray some slack from the lariat. All of a sudden panic exploded within the young horse. What, oh, what was this awful thing on his head? And this terrible man thing so near him! Perhaps he could leap the corral fence, flee forever from the hateful spot!

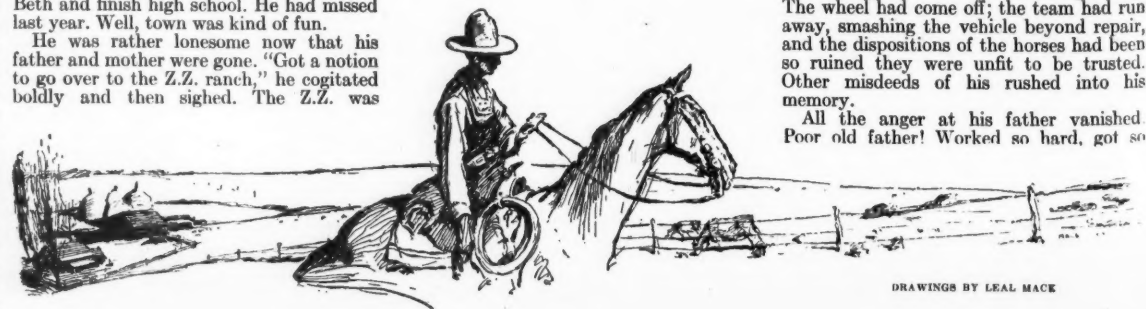
Johnny read the gray's mind and started to untie the rope, but the wild horse was too quick for him. Up, up he reared, with forefeet lashing the air. Then, whirling, he ran from the rope. It tightened, caught him in mid-leap and flung him backward. With a sickening crash he struck the earth with his head slightly under him.

The boy's heart stopped, resumed, pounded with terror. The rope was loose now—too late. He ran to the gray's head, pulled it straight and removed the rope. He heard the wheezing breaths and saw the trickle of blood coming from the silky nose. And as he watched he saw the slim, beautiful legs stiffen.

"Oh!" gasped the boy. "Busted his neck!" He had seen two horses killed in just that way, brought down in the flush of their full-bodied prime. Sheer terror seized him. What had he done? He no longer felt like a man; he was a criminal small boy, worthless, vile, disobedient. Abased with guilt, overwhelmed with remorse, he bowed his head while tears of pity both for the beautiful animal and for himself rolled down his cheeks. "Never have been no good nohow!" he gulped.

His previous crimes rose in his mind—the time he drove the car into the ditch and then the calamitous garage bill; a month ago when he had neglected to replace the nut of the wagon wheel that he was greasing. The wheel had come off; the team had run away, smashing the vehicle beyond repair, and the dispositions of the horses had been so ruined they were unfit to be trusted. Other misdeeds of his rushed into his memory.

All the anger at his father vanished. Poor old father! Worked so hard, got so



DRAWINGS BY LEAL MACE

tired! What if he did growl and nag? He, Johnny, was enough to make anyone mad. He wasn't a help to his father; he was a drag! If it wasn't for him, using up good money on expensive schooling and clothes and things, his father and mother could have a little fun once in a while—take a trip somewhere.

In his self-flagellation the boy forgot that he was just an ordinary youngster, better perhaps than most youngsters. He forgot how he toiled for his parents, forgot that he was their only child, their pride, their hope, the object of all their strivings.

Shamed and rash, he schemed swiftly. Father would be better off without him. The Z.Z. ranch would give him a job. When he had paid his father back he could feel like a human being once more instead of a destructive worm. He led old Buck to the house, leaving the corral gates open. Had he looked once more upon the prostrate gray he might have seen a slight motion of the leg muscles, have heard his returning normal breathing. But he did not look back.

At the house he scribbled a hasty, incoherent note full of apologies, of promises to repay, of remorseful words. He couldn't know that they would convey absolutely nothing to the frantic intelligence of his parents when they arrived home late that afternoon, having brought their business to a more satisfactory conclusion than they had expected. Behind his saddle Johnny tied a blanket, a few of his most serviceable clothes and a small luncheon. Under the left stirrup leather he placed his rifle. Round his waist he buckled his six-shooter, a birthday present. He shut the house doors, remembered the live stock in his befuddlement and was careful to turn the calves loose so that they might join their mothers and not suffer from hunger. He fed the chickens and after giving the dog food and water shut him in a shed so that he could not follow. None should say this time that he had not been heedful!

As he struck away northwards the last sound he heard from his deserted home was the howling of Mugs, the abandoned dog, whose wretched baying told to a harsh world the ingratitude of man. Johnny's throat filled with wrenching sobs. A rabbit scurried from under the buckskin's feet. The resulting shy and the necessary horsemanship to control the animal brought a measure of comfort to the big young fellow. He tried to pucker his lips in a whistle.

After three hours' slow riding, slow because of a hideous reluctance to meet and talk with the inquisitive men of the Z.Z. ranch, he came to the banks of the South Fork. Like many streams in eastern Montana, that land of rolling plains, it was lined with willows and whispering cottonwoods. The trees now had littered the pretty creek with yellowed leaves. Johnny, having dismounted and drunk, discovered to his astonishment that he was hungry. He pushed on until he came to a secluded, grassy spot sheltered by trees and warm with sun. He watered and picketed his horse, propped himself against a tree and ate his luncheon gloomily.

When he was done he sat watching the flow of the little river, watched the comparative speed of the leaves and the twigs that were floating down the current. Presently something pale blue drifted by. He speculated a moment indifferently; then another soggy object bobbed past. It was a white envelope. Johnny was interested; he forgot his woes. When a second blue paper rounded the bend he stood up. Taking a long branch, he reached out and fished in the white envelope. Somewhere upstream something peculiar seemed to be happening. When he had procured and examined the blue papers he was sure of it. They were money orders!

"Say!" exclaimed Johnny. "There ain't no post office up here. But if there is, I'm the Johnny that's goin' to find out!"

Boysishly he lived by the minute. Banished were the morning problems. The incident was the queerest he had ever known; people's good, cashable money orders and important letters were floating down a lonely creek!

He hurried up the brook; the soft grass of the border muffled the noise of his progress. But the person on whom he stumbled would not have noticed a mad bull. Back to him was a man's disheveled figure poking insanely into a muskrat hole with a hooked stick, talking monotonously and occasionally dropping the stick to make vicious snatches at envelopes that appeared to rise from the depths of the stream below



The thief gave a wild yell as the saddle slipped

him and swirl languidly away on the surface of the water.

Had Johnny Engle's age been a wise twenty-six instead of a rather ignorant, unsophisticated sixteen he might have withdrawn himself prudently and inaudibly from the odd scene and gone off to tend strictly to his own affairs. But no!

"Well, say!" remarked Johnny to the stranger in tones of obvious, puzzled wonder—and then got the shock of his young life.

That instant the boy found himself staring into the business end of an automatic pistol! He gazed with big eyes at the man and felt a foolish desire to giggle. But after a second's scrutiny of the snarling face in front of him he lost all desire to laugh. The face was that of a young and desperate man, bedraggled, exhausted and sick. He looked much like a wicked little weasel that Johnny once had cornered. Johnny's mind felt blank. In his stupefaction it seemed to him that he stood gazing at the man for hours. Actually it was five seconds.

"Jerk 'em up!" The commanding voice was shrill and high and cracked oddly on the last word.

Johnny was immensely relieved. His big hands shot skyward apparently without his volition. Other emotions swept over the boy. Real fear pierced him, and then overwhelming anger succeeded the fear. The idea! A little scrap of a city weasel ordering him round!

He shifted his position, and a branch snapped. The nervous youth at the right end of the gun leaped squawking into the air. Stark fright showed on his face; then he got control of himself. Vast contempt replaced the snarl. "Bla-a!" he remarked shrilly. "Just a farm hick! What you mean buttin' in like this? A't you got no sense?"

"Why—I—I—" stammered Johnny. The epithet and his fright deprived him of all power to make a facile rejoinder. A farm hick, was he! Didn't the town rat know a cowpunch when he saw one?

"Yeh," mocked the wielder of the gun, stepping forward and swiftly appropriating Johnny's treasured six-shooter. "Mammy's lil' pickaninny runnin' loose with a real he-gun too. Naughty, naughty!"

An inspiration seemed to come to the youthful holdup man. After all, this new complication in his already hectic situation might be turned to his advantage. "Got a horse?" he demanded.

"Yes," admitted Johnny reluctantly.

"Well, lead on then, Brudder Bill," said his captor, growing facetious, almost hilarious.

Things, he thought, were beginning to break better for him. A good horse would carry him across the Canadian border. Riding pained him, but walking was an unutterable torment.

Seething with passion, Johnny led on.

An outrage! This spindling sneak thief was going to take his horse! And he would have to walk five miles to the nearest ranch, the esteemed Z.Z., and tell about the affair. And wouldn't those cowmen hoot! He lowered his arms six inches.

"Keep 'em up, my brave he-guy!" jeered the voice.

Johnny complied, raging. Ten feet from his horse the other ordered him to stop. "Now, young feller-me-lad! You savvy that beast's motor better'n I do. You just bolt up his steerin' gear an' undo that rope you got him chained with an' give it to me!"

The bandit nudged Johnny's ribs with his pistol. Somehow there then came to the boy a sudden coolness, a quick, new understanding of the palpitating swagger of his captor. Even a slight pity for the bandit stirred him. The whole event was as much of a mystery as ever. Here was just a young fellow not much older than himself; what had the chap done to be sunk so deep in outlawry?

He worked as slowly as he dared, untying the rope and handing it to the haggard man. The bandit's heavy gun drooped; sometimes with one thin, weak hand he sought support by clutching the low boughs of the trees. Johnny meditated. If he could get past the gun and grab that slender frame! But he dared not try.

Suddenly he had an inspiration. The bandit admitted he knew nothing of horses! Johnny took the bridle and instead of putting it on from the correct side—the left—started clumsily to bridle old Buck from the right. Buck snorted, tossed his head and spit the bit out. Johnny let the bridle drop to the ground by the horse's right forefoot. The gun holder's suspicions were not aroused. Beyond ordering Johnny to "get a wiggle on" he waited calmly, dreading to mount the horse.

When Johnny got behind Buck's shoulder just before picking up the bridle he made a lightning fumble at the right-side *latigo*—the *latigo* that connects the cinch to the saddle. He had remembered that it was looped only once and was dangerously short. It gave to the strong, silent jerk of his fingers, leaving the cinch to an untrained eye apparently firm and taut.

He finished the bridling. Now if he could get the fellow to go without tying him up! He ventured a suggestion. "You're shorter'n me," Johnny said. "Don't you want to try the saddle an' have me fix the stirrups for you?"

The weasel-faced one darted a searching glance at him. But the conquered boy wore such a woebegone, humbled expression and appeared to be such a "nitwit" that his confidence returned. "Good idea!"

He swaggered up, feeling far from brave, for he had no love for horses. Another terror entered his heart. "Does this here hay buggy stand still while you climb aboard?"

"Sure," said Johnny listlessly. Buckskin was trained to start off on an easylope.

Doubtfully the crook gathered the reins, —too loosely for a sudden check,—placed himself alongside his new conveyance and laboriously inserted his foot in the stirrup. Johnny stood patiently with hands high, as the desperado had ordered. Mounting was a real adventure to the crook. It was hard for him to grasp the saddle with both hands and hang to the gun at the same time. Buck awaited uneasily the fling of a leg over the cantle. How queerly this man was mounting him!

To Johnny that was the most intense moment he had ever lived through. At last, satisfied, the man heaved himself upward. Now the peculiarity of a slack girth is that, especially with a sharp-backed horse such as Buck, the saddle remains firm for about as long as it takes the rider to get clear of the ground. Then the saddle nastily and traitorously jerks loose from the horse, and rider and saddle meet the ground with a violent thump.

Johnny's plan worked to perfection. Buck jumped, shocked into panic. The thief gave a wild yell as the saddle slipped. As he fell backward, clutching instinctively with all ten fingers, the automatic went off with a roar. Another scream from the bandit followed; a bullet had pierced his right foot. Johnny's ferocious pounce upon him as he hit the earth was scarcely needed. The big ranch boy found himself shaking a limp, blubbering little shell of a man with no more fight to him than a blind puppy.

Slightly ashamed of himself, Johnny rose, wondering how he could ever have feared the writhing, pitiful figure in front of him. For a few moments the ranch boy did nothing. Then he collected the two guns, removed the shells from the automatic and stuck his own revolver back into his belt. The cries of the wounded youth subsided into faint moans. Johnny was puzzled what to do with him, so obviously no longer dangerous.

By the time the ranch boy had resaddled his horse, which had stepped on his bridle reins and halted, the would-be hold-up man was recovering and begging for help to stop the bleeding. Johnny bound up his foot and brought him a drink of water in his hat.

"You ain't such a bad kid after all," said the man, groaning feebly. "Might as well be you that ketches me as one of them hard-boiled sheriffs. They'd have plugged me first an' talked later." He licked his white lips. "Well, what you gonna do now, kid?"

"Take you over to the Z.Z. ranch," answered Johnny with an odd pang in his heart. But there was nothing else to do. Wounded, the man needed attention, and he was assuredly a person who should be locked up.

The fellow sighed. "Well—" he began. The desire to talk was strong upon him, and the tale Johnny heard was more exciting than any detective story he had ever read—the story of the criminal life of a boy whose career of petty thieving had culminated in his taking part with his partner, so clever, so brave—and so false—in a big mail robbery.

"Don't you ever hear nothin'?" almost screamed the injured man. "Why, me an' that sidekick of mine pulled off yesterday night the biggest train robb'ry this woolly state's ever had!"

His voice whined on. Ecstasies of revengeful hatred permeated his tale. After the robbery they had stolen an automobile and, cramming into it the hurriedly selected loot, had raced for the border. The car had broken down, and they had blindfolded the only man present at a ranch and stolen two saddle horses. On they had fled recklessly. Then his horse had stumbled, and he, the unaccustomed, had fallen only to see the animal scamper out of sight. His speech grew sibilant and furious as he told how his admired partner had ridden on, deserting him to the mercies of an unfriendly land, lost, alone and—"gyped!"

He rambled for a while. He would see that the guy got caught! He'd blab all right! And then they'd probably make his sentence lighter—

Absorbed, Johnny's mind reverted to the odd spectacle that had begun his adventure. "But how'd those money orders come floatin' down the creek?" he inquired.

"Oh," lamented the fellow. "I hadn't never tackled no mail train before. I—I guess when we was sortin' over the stuff I must have put some of it in my pockets without knowin' what I was doin'. An' then this mornin' when I woke up I was sick an' hungry an' got to thinkin', s'pose some one comes along—some suspicious

guy. An' s'pose I get caught an' searched. Any fool'd connect me up with that party. So I get busy an' stuck 'em down that hole by the crick, an' I didn't notice 'twas some water bunny's back parlor an' led right on into the water. I come to all right when I saw the papers afloatin' downstream! Advertisin' ain't in it!"

The sun was dipping toward the west when Johnny, supporting in front of him the half-conscious bandit, rode into the Z.Z. ranch. He could not have chosen a more dramatic moment. Drama, however, was far from his mind, for the first persons

to greet him were his father and mother, who after sixteen years' association with their son had a fairly accurate knowledge of their son's mental processes. Questions, tears, indignant, affectionate forgiveness were showered upon him, and enough admiration from the eager cowmen to addle the head of any normal boy.

"Why, kid!" one of them exclaimed. "There's five thousand berries reward out fer each one of them hold-up fellers. Five thousand berries!"

Johnny felt a momentary joy that now he could pay back his father for all the

damage that he had caused. Then a real worry assailed his mind. "I was awful sorry 'bout killing that gray horse, father. I—I won't ever do anything against you again!"

He choked; grief for the beautiful animal he had killed brought an ache to his throat.

"Killin' a horse! Mother," inquired Mr. Engle despairingly, "is he crazy, or am I? There's no dead gray horse at our ranch!"

"No dead horse?" Johnny repeated. "Why, I left him dead as a door nail—stretched out in the round corral!" He poured his story forth.

"Forget it, son!" roared his father. "Didn't you ever hear of stunnin' a horse? If you hadn't been in such a hurry to leave your old home, you'd a-seen that cayuse get up an' beat it fer the high places! Why, I seen him myself comin' down fer water just before we left!"

What joy and immeasurable relief!

"Well, father, if that's the case," said Johnny happily, "let's be gettin' home. Buck an' I've got twenty miles to do. 'Fraid you'll get there ahead of me. You'll prob'ly have to do the chores by yourself tonight!"

THE MYSTERIOUS TUTOR & By Gladys Blake

DRAWN BY D. J. ROSENMEYER



Chapter Seven An olive tree and a well

If the tutor knew where the valuables were hidden, he made no further sign. Lessons were resumed, and life in the schoolroom went on much as before. The girls and boys watched in vain for any suspicious move on the part of their teacher. For all they knew he might already have found the jewels and sent them away by Sakoff.

Days went by, and there was plenty of work to fill them. Lessons progressed amazingly under the tutor's influence, and there were times when the boys and girls were so much interested in their studies that they almost forgot the mystery about their teacher. They no longer desired to shirk their work. The slightest expression of satisfaction from Mr. Dahl meant more to them than the most fulsome praise from kindlier tutors in past days had meant. And, though Mr. Dahl had said he did not believe in turning work into play, their lessons nevertheless became a real pleasure to them under his clear instruction.

Golden October gave way to bleak November. The skies were gray, the wind high and cold, and, though it didn't snow, cold rain often fell. The last leaf left the trees on the lawn, which now stood bleak and bare against the gray skies. But inside the old mansion fires roared jovially in hospitable chimneys, and good things were being prepared for a cheery Thanksgiving Day. All the family connections—aunts and uncles and first, second and third cousins big and little—were coming to Bow View for the occasion, and, large though the house was, it bid fair to burst.

By Monday of the last week in the month the guests had begun to arrive, and the tutor had to be stern indeed to keep his pupils at their work. For the pleasantest tasks become irksome in a holiday atmosphere. Probably the tutor, being a foreigner, couldn't understand what a big occasion Thanksgiving Day is to Americans. Daisy, who was studying United States history with him, tried to explain it.

"The Puritans began it, you know, Mr. Dahl," she said to him. "Back in 1621 they held a day of thanksgiving and feasting in gratitude for the big harvest they had gathered in, which meant they shouldn't go hungry that winter, and now it has become an annual institution in the nation. The President and the governors of the states proclaim it, and it's a general holiday all over the land. There are homecomings and feasts and football games and everything to make it a big day. Just wait until you've lived through one American Thanksgiving Day, Mr. Dahl, and you'll never forget it!"

"That's all well enough," said Mr. Dahl, "but it's just a matter of one day and not a whole week. You are all going to stay at your lessons until Thursday."

It was very, very hard to stay shut up in the schoolroom when the house was ringing with merry voices and was filled with the spicy odors of fruit cake and mince pies and all the other delicious things that several black cooks were preparing in the big double kitchen. Moreover, it was hard to keep trespassers out of the schoolroom during lesson hours. Small cousins had a way of bursting in most unexpectedly if the door were left unlocked and of crying and hammering on the door if it were locked. One chubby, five-year-old youngster named Bobby was so persistent in slipping in when he could and howling and hammering when he was locked out that Mr. Dahl had a heart to heart talk with that small Bobby never forgot. As the little fellow stumbled out of the room



"Dick," she whispered excitedly, "... I've seen an olive tree and a well!"

afterwards, his cheeks swollen from crying, he paused at the door and looked back at the grim young man to say defiantly, "I could kill you in cold blood!" Then he marched away with his chin in the air and left Mr. Dahl's pupils broadly smiling. It was what they had often wanted to say to him themselves, especially in those first days of making his acquaintance.

"You can all learn a very fine lesson today," said the tutor, fixing each of his pupils with a firm glance when Bobby was gone. "You can learn to concentrate in the midst of distractions. Forget that tomorrow is a holiday; pay no attention to the noise the children are making downstairs; do not heed the sounds that tell of the arrival of guests; try not to notice those most appetizing odors from the kitchen. Fix your minds so steadily on your books that these things do not exist for you. Such a lesson learned will be of inestimable advantage to you all your lives."

No doubt that advice was good, and the young pupils tried hard to follow it. But they were too much excited to do as good work as usual, and Doris, in her effort to finish some translating that she had been told to do, became so mixed up that she had to begin all over again just at the hour when the other pupils were being dismissed for the day. It was all she could do to keep from crying.

"O Mr. Dahl, can't you be lenient for once and let me leave this undone until Friday?" she pleaded in distracted tones. "Please don't keep me in!"

"If you will collect your thoughts, you can finish that work in fifteen minutes," said the tutor, smiling slightly at the way she had phrased her request. "I must insist on your doing it." And he prepared to write a letter.

So Doris stayed in the hated room after

the others, with backward grins, had departed to mingle with the joyous whirl downstairs. She did her best to fix her mind on the task, knowing that Mr. Dahl would never accept a poorly written paper, but it seemed that it would never come to an end.

The quiet of the room was rudely disturbed by the sudden entrance of a ten-year-old boy, Thad Cuthbert, a mischievous, spoiled youngster who was never very welcome at a family reunion, but who had to be endured for his father's sake. He had been trying all day to get into the schoolroom, and now that the door had been left unlocked he promptly took advantage of the fact.

"Kept in! Kept in!" he sang out, crooking a finger at Doris as he entered. "Yah, yah! Kept in!"

"Go out, Thad," commanded his cousin in exasperation. "You've been told not to come in here."

"Kept in after school!" continued Thad derisively, paying not the slightest heed to her words. "Yah, yah, yah! Kept in! Kept in!"

"Quite true," said Mr. Dahl, looking up from his letter. "And now that you have remarked on the fact, go away and leave your cousin to finish her lesson in peace."

"I won't go if I don't want to, and you can't make me!" said Thad belligerently. "You can't boss me like you do the others, 'cause I ain't one of your pupils!"

"But this is my schoolroom," replied Mr. Dahl calmly. "When you trespass in here you will have to take the consequences."

Thad did not reply to the remark. He started to threaten the tutor with the vengeance that his father would mete out to anyone who laid a hand on him, but he changed his mind. That very morning Mr. Dahl had ejected several youngsters from the school-

room with force and had shown not the slightest interest in what their fathers thought about it. But nevertheless Thad remained in the room, and as he kept quiet Mr. Dahl made no further objection. Thad did not know that he was allowed to stay in the capacity of a chaperon, and yet it was some such idea that prevented Mr. Dahl from marching him out. The tutor was a European through and through.

Doris resumed her lesson, and the tutor his letter writing. Left to his own devices, Thad roamed round the schoolroom in search of mischief. He thought it might be interesting to open Dick's and Basil's desks and carefully ink all their books and papers, but for some reason he hesitated to carry out the plan; there was something about the set of the tutor's jaw that deterred him. And presently he found something that amused him even more than inking his cousins' books would have done and at the same time was less likely to arouse the ire of the young man at the desk. A lower corner of the wall paper was loose for an inch or two, and he believed that if he were to pull it carefully a whole strip and maybe two or three might come down. Thad could not resist the temptation.

"Thad, what are you doing?" asked Doris, glancing up from her work at the sound of tearing paper.

"Look, Doris! The wall paper is coming off!" cried Thad delightedly. "It comes off just as easy!"

"Well, you leave it alone!" cried Doris indignantly. "You hear me, Thad? Of course it comes off easily; it is just pasted on here and there so as not to mar the landscape paper underneath. Leave it alone, Thad!"

"Oh, I say, is there any landscape paper up here?" asked Thad in astonishment. "I knew it was all over the first floor, but I didn't know there was any upstairs."

"Yes, this used to be our great-great-grandmother's boudoir, and her husband had the paper painted especially for her to remind her of her old home in the south of France," explained Doris, feeling that after all Thad was a member of the family and had a right to have his question answered. "But this paper didn't clean so well as the paper downstairs, and mother had it papered over. It's very lightly covered, however, so as not to hurt it, and if you pull at the new paper like that, it will all come off. Do let it alone, Thad!"

"I want to see the landscape paper," insisted Thad. And before he could be stopped he gave the upper paper a sudden, hard jerk that brought down a long section of it. With it came a dust cloud of dried paste that filled the room.

"O Thad, what a nuisance you are!" stormed Doris, springing from her seat. "Mr. Dahl, how can I be expected to do any work while this little imp is in the room?"

"I agree with you that it is impossible," said the tutor. "Therefore you have leave to go if you will only take him with you."

There was a strange light in the tutor's eyes and a slight flush on his cheeks that Doris did not notice. His permission for her to go was so welcome that she began immediately to put away her books and thought of nothing else.

"The old paper is pretty," remarked Thad, surveying the havoc he had wrought. "And it's all different, ain't it, Doris? It don't show just one thing over and over again like the paper downstairs."

"It was painted to order and cost a lot of money," replied Doris carelessly. "Come on, Thad! You've made a dreadful mess here, and I'll have to send some of the servants to clean it up."

"Do not send anyone for an hour or two," said the tutor. "I am trying to do some work and do not want to be disturbed again."

Doris agreed, and she and her mischievous cousin left the room. That was no sooner in the hall than he dashed away to those regions of the house whence came the loudest noises of romping children, and Doris was left to go her way in peace. As she was descending the stairs she heard the tutor lock the school-room door, and she smiled. He was evidently determined to prevent any more racketing children from intruding on his work. His letter must be important; she wondered vaguely whom he was writing to.

"Perhaps he's telling some friend of his failure in finding those lost jewels," she said to herself in amusement. She would have been amazed had she known how nearly correct her guess was! "I almost wish he could find them if he's really looking for them, because I'm anxious to find out what he'd do with them. But I'm beginning to think that my great-great-grandfather was out of his head when he wrote what he did about those buried jewels. The only olive tree on this plantation is on the wall paper upstairs. And it's leaning over a well too!"

For a moment Doris considered herself very witty and thought she would repeat the joke at the supper table to amuse the family. Then she suddenly stopped where she was and stood grasping the banisters of the stair

while a great understanding dawned in her mind. She felt almost giddy at the splendor of her inspiration.

"I say, Doris, if you don't move soon you'll become permanently rooted to the stairs like Queen Louisa of Prussia," called Dick from below. "What's struck you? Have you seen a Gorgon's head?"

Doris flung herself down the last few steps like a catapult and, catching her brother's arm, drew him into a corner where no one could overhear what passed between them. "Dick," she whispered excitedly, "if you want to know what has startled me, I've seen an olive tree and a well!"

"Where?" demanded Dick incredulously.

"On the old landscape wall paper in the schoolroom! Thad pulled the new paper off, and there beneath it was the dirty old paper showing scenes from the south of France. And I distinctly saw an old well with a tree leaning over it. I'll wager you anything that the jewels are concealed in a secret cavity in the base board of the wall underneath the olive tree on the side where it bends over the well. And, Dick, I shouldn't be a bit surprised if Mr. Dahl had guessed it! He sent Thad and me out of the room, and I heard him lock the door behind us."

"What are you two whispering about?"

asked Clarissa, approaching the corner where the consultation was going on.

Hurriedly they told her.

"Let's round up Basil and Daisy as quick as we can and then slip upstairs and see what our tutor is doing," said Dick. "This is worth investigating carefully. It may mean a great deal."

"I tell you the door is locked," Doris reminded him. "I distinctly heard him turn the key."

"Well, I'm determined to see into that room," said Dick doggedly. "There's a tree near one of the windows, and if we can't see through the keyhole I can make an effort to look in the window without being seen."

It took several moments to find Basil and Daisy. Then after the two had listened in growing excitement to what Doris had to tell they all started on tiptoe up the stairs. Reaching the door to the schoolroom, they tried in vain to see through the keyhole; the key was in it, and the door was locked just as Doris had said. They laid their ears against the panels and heard a soft knocking inside as of some one sounding the wainscoting in the room. That was proof enough that the tutor was not quietly writing a letter, and every young heart pounded faster.

"Come on!" whispered Dick. "We'll go outside and try to reach the window."

They stole away from the door like mice and down the back stairs. At the foot of the steps a crowd of small cousins met them, and it required several moments to get away without rousing their suspicions. When at last they were free to continue their progress out of doors and round the house to where a big tree stood near the schoolroom windows they agreed that Dick should be the one to climb it while the others remained below. If they all swarmed up the branches, they would be sure to be seen.

Dick climbed as agilely as a monkey, but he felt uncomfortably conspicuous among those bare limbs. If there had been foliage to hide him, he would have felt no apprehensions, but as it was it seemed impossible to escape the tutor's observation. Dick was willing to risk it, however, and when near the top of the tree he edged his way cautiously to the end of a big branch that extended just beneath the window. When he was close enough to catch the sill of the window he drew himself upward and peered inside. And what he saw almost caused him to lose his hold and fall in sheer excitement.

TO BE CONTINUED.

"KEEP YOUR HEAD"



By Edwin Cole



MARK SPENCER was making a skate sail. He had seen the picture of one in a magazine and was copying it from memory. To be sure the sail in the picture had had bright spars and creamy canvas, whereas

Mark's had a bean pole for the main spar and a rake handle for the cross-piece. As for the canvas, Mark had cajoled his mother into parting with a bedtick aged but of honorable lineage. Not only that, but she had cut the sail and hemmed it for him.

He had paid a price for it, however. George, his older brother, had gone out on the lake with Ray Broder to set tip-ups for pickerel and perch. Mark had wished to accompany them, almost to the point of tears. George, however, had refused and would have yielded had not Mrs. Spencer interposed with a positive refusal.

It was late February. There had been a thaw and warm rains. Even now a strong south wind was sweeping up the valley, softening the surface of the old ice. His mother had said that Mark was not to go. Indeed George ought not to go either, but he was seventeen years old and a man grown, whereas Mark was only fourteen, small for his age and could not swim.

Mark felt that the lighter a fellow was the less likely he would be to go through the ice; and as for swimming, that would not help much in broken ice. But surrender was inevitable; so he had made what terms he could, and now he was bending the sail to the spars in the hope that a northwest wind would follow and a cold snap strengthen the old ice.

What with cutting and stitching the sail and fashioning the spars the morning was gone before the sail was done. Mark wished to try it along shore, but his mother was adamant. Besides, she reproached him for attempting to break a bargain. So he left his sail in the cellar and wandered disconsolately down to the shore to see whether George and Ray were in view. They were not, and he judged they were down beyond the point, where the fishing was best.

The lake spread out before him temptingly—three miles long and a mile wide. Under the leaden sky the ice lay a dull white sheet. As Mark noticed that no other fishermen or skaters were on all its wide reaches, he was momentarily anxious for his brother, but he had a younger brother's faith in George's ability to take care of himself and quickly dismissed the thought of danger.

The wind had increased to a gale. How he could fly before it with that sail of his! What chance, he argued scornfully, was there of breaking through, skimming across like a swallow! But a bargain was a bargain.

He returned to the house. His father was getting the car out of the garage. His mother appeared with her coat and hat on. They were going to town.

"Remember you are not to go on the ice, Mark!" she called to him.

Mark nodded and watched them drive away. "Guess I'll get the sail out anyway and see how the wind takes it," he mused.

He opened the hatchway doors and descended to bring forth the sail. It was too large for the doors, so he had to unbend it. In the lee of the house he rigged it; then he bore it into the wind. The force of the gale nearly lifted him from his feet. Mark whistled. "How I could travel!" he exclaimed longingly.

He took the sail back to the lee of the house and walked down to the shore again, a distance of a hundred yards. The glint of open water caught his eye down at the southern end of the lake. Water was forming too at the edges. He wished George would come home.

As he stood there he heard a faint shout from downwind. At first he could not see whence it came. Presently he saw some one half stumbling, half running toward him along the shore. It was Ray!

Mark ran to meet him. His heart sank as he saw that Ray's clothes were wet and clung closely to him. His hat was gone, and his hair lay plastered on his forehead.

"Quick!" he gasped. "Get a rope. George has gone through!"

White of face, Mark ran to the barn and seized a coil of rope. Ray was at his heels. "Where is he?" Mark asked.

"Down below the point. Ice softened up. I was nearer shore and made it. Give me the rope." Ray was off the way he had come.

Mark stood for a moment in a daze. George drowning! The horror of it overcame him. Then he found himself repeating a little sentence: "Keep your head!"

Ray had gone off with the rope, a short rope, and George was out in deep water! How could he reach him? "Keep your head!" A plank—two planks. No, planks were too heavy. Boards would do, and there they were, two pine boards that his father had got to mend the hencoop with. But he could never get the boards there in time. Oh, why had Ray not kept his head!

Mark staggered out of the barn with the two boards. Ray was out of sight. No one else was about. He wanted to fly to his brother's aid; he could not bear to stagger along at snail's pace when any second George might go under the ice.

"Keep your head!" warned the voice within him.

There in his path lay the skate sail! Mark dropped the boards and ran back to the barn. He came forth with a hammer and a nail and a halter. He drove the nail through the leather end of the halter and through the two boards. Then he dropped the hammer, picked up the boards and ran down to the lake with them. Back he ran, into the house this time, and got his skates. Out he came, caught up the skate sail, and down to the lake again. The ice broke at the edge, and he went in to his knees, but beyond it was thicker and supported him.

In a fever of haste he clamped on his skates, sitting on the sail to keep it from blowing away. He tied the end of the halter to his belt and got to his feet and then, raising the sail, set his back against it. The gale caught him. His belt cut into him cruelly as the halter tightened. Then the boards came clattering after, sliding

easily, once they had gathered momentum.

Mark heard a cry. Over the corner of the sail he saw his mother standing before the house and behind her the car; his father was still sitting at the wheel.

On the wings of the wind he swept down the lake. As he flew past the point he turned his head to catch a glimpse of the stumbling form of Ray with the coil of rope over his shoulder. The act nearly ended his journey and perhaps his life, for open water appeared suddenly ahead of him beyond the point. He veered out into the lake and escaped it by a few yards; the boards behind him skidded so that their ends splashed the water. He was clear! The open water was only off the point, and beyond stretched the rotten but unbroken ice.

And then the boy's heart gave a great leap of joy. Low on the ice appeared the head and shoulders of his brother!

Sweeping forward with fearful speed, he was overcome with panic for a moment. How would he stop, and, if he did stop, would he not go in?

"Keep your head," warned the voice.

He spared one hand from the pushing main spar and loosened the halter at his belt. He must figure the momentum of the boards so that they would reach but not overshoot the mark.

George had seen him and was waving wearily, waving him to keep away, for he had not seen the boards. The ice was broken for a few yards behind him where he had fought his way toward the shore still two hundred yards off. And Ray had only a twenty-five foot rope!

Mark's speed was terrific; George was

nearing him as if hurled toward him. Mark cast off the halter rope and veered inshore. He heard a splash and a shout, and the lake shore loomed before him. He knew nothing about heading into the wind or tacking. He had the wind abeam now, and the shore was rushing at him with impending disaster. He put out a skate and pressed hard. The next moment he was flung to the beach and the sail torn from his hand.

Half dazed, Mark sat up and looked round him. The boards had ended their flight in the pool that George had formed by breaking the ice round him. He had seized them, and as his brother watched him he crawled gingerly out on them. Then he separated the boards and, shifting from one to the other, began to work slowly shoreward.

Ray was there with his useless rope by the time the young fisherman had reached the beach. So were Mr. and Mrs. Spencer; they had driven along the shore road in pursuit of Mark. Now they got the two wet boys into the car and bundled them up in robes.

Mark climbed in beside his mother. She had not said a word to him, and he knew why; he had broken his bargain.

"I'm sorry I had to break my bargain, Ma," he half whispered.

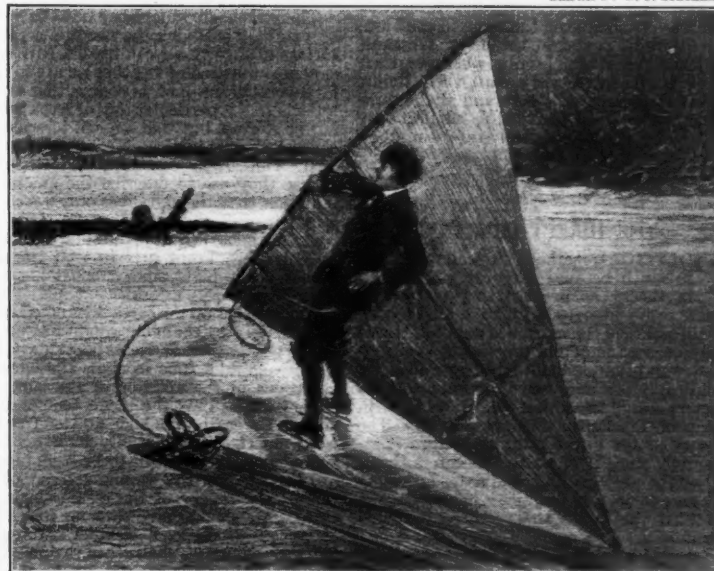
She put an arm around him, and there were tears in her eyes. Mark saw then that she did not speak because she could not.

"I couldn't have held on another minute," said George. His teeth were chattering. "All I could think of was an angel when I saw Mark and his skate sail."

"Your brother saved your life," said the father; he was in no mood for long speech. "He kept his head."

Mark cast off the halter rope and veered inshore

DRAWN BY W. F. STECHER



COURTESY OF THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN



The observatory at Mt. Wilson, Cal., for studying sun spots and other physical phenomena

FACT AND COMMENT

DEFEAT SHOULD BE, not a nail in the shoe, but a spur.

Applause for the Work of your Hand or your Pen Is only a Challenge to Do It Again.

A GOOD RULE for young and old to follow is: guard against feeling older than you are!

A WHITE WYANDOTTE HEN that an English writer describes is a remarkable layer. She began to lay as a pullet and between August 2, 1923, and August 1, 1924, laid 322 eggs, the last of which weighed two ounces. That, the writer asserts, is an achievement never excelled by a hen of any kind in the British Isles.

THE FRENCH ACADEMY at a recent meeting decided not to recognize the words "defeatism" and "defeatist." "Those words do not apply in any manner to the people or things of France," declared Marshal Joffre when they came up for consideration. And like the invaders at Verdun the words did not pass.

TROUBLE, a collie dog of Atlanta, Georgia, not long ago received a medal for heroism from the humane society of the city for saving his six-year-old mistress and her little cousin from several angry dogs that attacked them while they were crossing a pasture. Outmatched though he was, Trouble hurled himself between the children and the attacking dogs and succeeded in keeping the assailants at bay until men arrived and drove them off.

THE FRONTIER COLLEGE, established by the Canadian government to educate the workers in the lumber and construction camps, is generally known as the University in Overalls. Since its beginning it has sent more than seven hundred instructors into camps in different provinces, and each year approximately fifteen hundred men receive instruction in some kind of school work. The founder writes: "Education must be obtainable on the farm, in the bush, on the railway and in the mine. We must educate the whole family wherever their work is, wherever they earn their living, teaching them how to earn and at the same time how to grow physically, intellectually and spiritually to the full stature of their God-given potentialities."

THE DIRECT PRIMARY

POLITICAL methods succeed or fail not so much because they are good or bad in theory as because they prove adequate or inadequate in practice. The theory of the political convention is not bad. It was only because in actual practice the convention was often found to be controlled by political bosses and used to present unsatisfactory candidates that the movement in favor of direct primaries got headway. The theory of the direct primary in turn is attractive, since it offers to the voters themselves the choice of the candidates for whom they are to vote. In practice it has not always justified the hopes that were entertained for it.

One objection to it is the expense to which a would-be candidate is often forced to put

himself if he is effectively to present to the electors his qualifications for office. Another is the impossibility of "drafting" a really desirable candidate when none of those who are seeking the office are satisfactory. Another is the frequency with which unscrupulous members of one party find a way to cast votes for the primary list of the opposing party, in order to prevent the nomination of one or more candidates whom they particularly dislike. But the most serious objection is perhaps the length of the primary ballot. So many offices are voted for—in many states at least—that the voters, quite without any knowledge of the persons who offer themselves for the less important offices, either do not vote the lower end of the ballot at all or else vote it unintelligently and in the dark.

In Massachusetts there has been so much trouble of that sort that the Republican convention went on record as approving the abolition of the genuine reformation of the direct primary. It should not be necessary to abolish it, and indeed, if it were abolished, there would be nothing to do except to go back to the old convention system, which is perhaps no more popular now than it was when the people decided to abandon it.

But it would be a good thing if the short ballot were used in the direct primary. The voter would then mark only for two or three offices outside his own representatives in Congress or in the state legislature. We have already the principle of the short ballot in our national politics, for we vote for no national officers except President and Vice President and our own local representatives in the Senate or the House of Representatives.

If we did the same thing in our state elections and left the appointment of the minor state officers to the Governor or to the Legislature, there would be a quick increase in party responsibility and a much more serious and intelligent use of the privilege of nomination by direct primary. As matters stand citizens too often neglect that privilege or else use it with a carelessness and confusion of thought that defeat every good purpose that it is intended to serve.

FORECASTING A YEAR'S WEATHER

IF we trace our weather back to first causes, we find that it originates in the changing conditions on that variable star we name the sun. The heat from the sun determines the temperature, the rainfall and the atmospheric pressure on the surface of the earth. The oceans are the instruments through which the heat of the sun chiefly affects our weather. When the sun is especially active it raises the superficial temperature of the seas and causes an increase in the warmth, the extent and the speed of the great warm currents that flow northward and southward from the tropics. Naturally it has a contrary effect on the cold, or polar, currents. With these alterations the situation, the extent and the force of the areas of high and low atmospheric pressure that constantly overlie the great oceans show variations that in turn determine the course and the activity of the moving areas of "highs" and "lows" that give us our daily weather—our alternations of storm and sunshine, of oppressive heat and bracing coolness.

There are meteorologists who believe that by carefully studying the conditions on the surface of the sun we can predict with some closeness the kind of weather we are to have for several years—not, of course, that we can tell whether a particular day or week will be fair or stormy, but that we can forecast the general characteristics of a season or of a year. The "solar constant," which is the phrase they use to describe the amount of radiation that the sun gives out, waxes and wanes in well understood cycles. It is low when sun spots are numerous and high when they are few. From 1917 to 1921 the solar constant was high; since 1922 it has been low.

The weather on the earth does not respond immediately to changing conditions on the sun. Water gathers and loses heat slowly, and the oceans take time to show the effect of variations in the activity of the sun. But from 1920 to 1923 the mean temperatures all over the earth were high, and ice-free seas were reported at unusually high northern latitudes. Now we ought to be beginning to feel the effect of the waning activity of the sun. If the theory of the meteorologists is correct, we should have three or four years of comparatively cool weather. Moreover, in a year or two we shall reach the point in a fifty-five-year cycle of activity in the sun

spots when those convulsions of the surface of the sun will be most numerous. It looks as if cool weather were ahead; one daring forecaster has even ventured to predict that the year of 1926-27 will be the climax of the cold cycle, and that it may be like the famous year of 1816, a "year without a summer."

Rainfall is of course determined by the same causes that determine the areas of high and low atmospheric pressure, but it is not a simple matter to tell just how the different regions of so large a country as ours will be affected. In general, however, when the oceans are well warmed and the climate is comparatively mild the storm tracks lie farther to the north, and there is fair weather and light rainfall in middle or southern latitudes. With a decreasing superficial temperature of the earth the storms pass farther and farther south. Accordingly the coming years should be not only cool but rainy over the greater part of the United States.

It will be interesting to see whether this reasoning is correct and whether long-range weather forecasting is to any extent possible. The theory is certainly plausible. But there may be other climatic influences not yet well understood that it fails to take into account.

ENVIRONMENT

SOME one has observed that the tiny blossoms of the sweet alyssum are most lavish of their odors when growing against a hot, white stone in the afternoon sunshine—"if you take them home into your room, they are quite flat." Another writer speaks of certain garden flowers that yield their sweetness most freely in the faint sea salt borne upon the southwest wind. Other flowers, he says, seem made to exhale their fragrance in cool rooms close to old mahogany furniture. Some are the more delicious for a battle with the rain. The Mayflower, which opens its eyes upon the dreary aspect of a world still sodden in its winter sleep, will never live to know the loveliness of June. How like in courage, though unlike otherwise, are the blossoms of the tall, later cosmos, which lie crowded in their dark calyxes all summer long awaiting the perilous challenge of the first sharp frosts to show themselves. Almost as sensitive to the cold as any flower that blows, knowing that they can survive their venture only by a miracle, they nevertheless choose a favoring hour when the sky is overcast to make a sally from their snug quarters into the shivery dawn and during the few brief days before the advance guards of winter cut them down flaunt their colors with a gallantry that their prudent, earlier-blooming cousins can in no way match.

There is something quite human in those characteristics of our garden flowers. Many of us have a notion that, placed in just the right surroundings, we could become masters of our fate. If we were only poor, necessity would spur us on to great achievements; if we were only rich, we should always have serene tempers and should rejoice to lighten the burdens of the unfortunate. But the proof of a strong character is that it makes the most of itself in any situation. It neither becomes sickly in a sterile soil nor goes all to stalk in rich earth. No one knows what Lincoln owed to the hardships that afflicted his youth. Gladstone, born in the same year, always used to luxury and all that luxury implies, found in a setting of "cool, spacious rooms and dark mahogany" the leisure to pursue a great career. In such surroundings Lincoln might have made ducks and drakes of his life; Gladstone was hardly the man to overcome the handicaps of a pioneer's lot.

The truth seems to be that it "is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings." If we have the right stuff in us, we shall bend circumstances to contribute to our success, finding ourselves strengthened by the very obstinacy with which they try to thwart us, finding ourselves "all the sweeter for a battle with the rain."

SMUGGLING ALIENS

THE new immigration law is proving somewhat difficult to enforce. There are smugglers of aliens as well as smugglers of liquor along our borders. So long as men find profit in breaking the law we shall have such smugglers to contend with; for our frontiers both by land and by water are so extended that it is impossible to guard every mile of them.

No one knows how many aliens are annually introduced into our country in defiance of the immigration law. The total can only be guessed at, but that it is a good many thousands is certain. Not many of the interlopers organize their own venture or make their way unassisted across the frontier. Those who do so cross the ocean as stowaways or slip by stealth over the Mexican or the Canadian border.

Most of them are smuggled into the country by organized bands. There are bands in Europe, in Cuba and in Canada that for \$500 or \$1000 agree to land an immigrant safe in the United States. Some of their clients, shipped as members of the crew of a trans-Atlantic steamer and supplied by them with forged seamen's papers, "desert" their ship when they reach an American port. Many more they send across to Cuba or to Mexico in a perfectly legal way and thence smuggle them into the United States. The Mexican border can be crossed without great difficulty, and the long and often lonely coast of Florida offers many opportunities for landing a cargo of immigrants. It is even said that the Cuban smugglers intend to use one or more submarines for their purposes. Along the Canadian border there are a number of "underground" stations where aliens can be got across the line. An Albany despatch in a New York newspaper quotes national officials as saying that in Montreal there is a syndicate of taxicabmen who openly advertise their ability to get aliens safe across the border.

By all these means probably from fifty to a hundred thousand men are annually smuggled into the United States. The business is profitable. It means a good many million dollars a year to those who are engaged in it. It can be carried on with little of the risk that attends the illicit importation of liquor, for no vessels and no men have been assigned to the duty of guarding our coasts and our frontiers against it. Of course the cost of properly patrolling the entire coast would be enormous, but perhaps some form of cooperation can be arranged between the bureaus in charge respectively of immigration and of enforcing prohibition, so that the same coast guard can serve both purposes.

We should also have a careful and complete registration of all the aliens in the United States. Other countries have such a record, but we—perhaps because we have always assumed that our immigrants mean as soon as possible to become citizens—have never seriously attempted to keep one. Without a systematic patrol of our coasts and a correct record of the aliens who are legally here it will be impossible to do much toward stopping the open violation of our immigration law.

PROBLEMS OF RADIO

THE extraordinary increase in communication by radio is giving rise to some perplexing problems touching its legitimate use and control. On the technical side there is the question of assigning a clear broadcasting field to each of the several stations in a class, so that their radiations shall not interfere. Bound up in that problem is the paramount necessity of keeping a pathway in the ether always open for the marine radio service, which is so important to the safety of ships and their passengers.

Then there is the matter of control. The suggestion that nation-wide broadcasting stations be set up to send out government-authorized programmes is met by the assertion, made by Mr. Hoover in his address to the National Radio Conference, that the distribution of information should not be handled by the government. The best of all possible administrations might be tempted sometimes to use the stations for partisan purposes. A central radio news service could, like the Associated Press and with equal impartiality, broadcast events of national importance by relay or interconnection with the local stations. Such a service, conducted with an eye single to the public interest, would be of particular advantage to those communities not now served by a daily paper.

The demonstrated feasibility of nation-wide broadcasting naturally brings up the question how soon we may look for broadcasting that shall overlap national boundaries. Havana and Montreal are in fact audible to us now. But when we can tune in and get Berlin or Moscow or Tokyo, radio communication will take on a new importance. A country could pour into the enemy's

ears propaganda designed to create panic or to excite uprisings among a people in two minds about the war, as the English were during their conflict with the Boers. Perhaps this problem looks more menacing at a distance than it would look when we were face to face with it. The game is one that two can play at. The enemy's voice could be stilled by dismantling all private receiving sets or, better yet, by rendering his messages unintelligible by interference.

That problem we may hope to keep one of purely academic interest. The important thing now is to overcome the interferences in the ether of our domestic circle and to provide programmes of definite excellence. Complaints that radio service is uncertain and vexatious are merely echoes from the early days of the telephone and the cinema. There seemed to be little prospect that either would ever be more than an amusing toy. But radio communication on the sea long ago became useful, and when in the days to come—no longer threatened with the exasperating interruptions of the demon "static"—the loneliest farmhouse in the hills can at will listen to the address of a President or the music of a virtuoso or the quips of a famous entertainer we shall forget that it was ever a plaything on the land.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES

toured Europe, Egypt and Palestine in 1919 in order to study the part played by animals in the Great War, and most extraordinary did he find that part to be. What they suffered and what they did will make your eyes moisten with pity and your heart swell with admiration. Early in 1925 Mr. Baynes will contribute five articles on the subject to The Companion. Vividly written, full of the sympathy of an ardent lover of animals, loaded with picturesque detail, they are bound to awaken the deepest interest. The animals dealt with are the horse, the mule, the dog, the pigeon and the camel. The articles are in addition to those already announced.

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You will do us a great favor if you will let us enter your subscription as soon as possible, for in January comes the great flood of new subscriptions, which of course must be entered at once, and which consequently tax to the utmost the whole clerical force. A renewal blank and some unusually interesting offers that we are making this year to those who renew promptly have been mailed to you. The Companion Home Calendar is a gift to all our renewing subscribers who request it.

PERRY MASON COMPANY
PUBLISHERS



CURRENT EVENTS

IT appears that the Grain Marketing Company, the corporation formed by certain important agricultural interests to take over the business of five great concerns that distribute most of the grain sold in the United States, does not by any means have the confidence of all the farmers in the country. The Illinois Agricultural Association, having investigated the so-called "merger" with a good deal of care, issues a report that doubts the value of the enterprise to the farmer who has grain to sell. The Association thinks that the plan of organization does not provide for real control of the company by the farmers, and that, unlike a true cooperative society, the company proposes to use speculative methods in marketing its grain. The report also criticizes the financing of the new company as inadequate.

ALTHOUGH Germany passed through a parliamentary campaign only seven months ago, it must shortly undergo another. The Reichstag has been dissolved, and elections have been fixed for December 7.

Chancellor Marx appealed to the country because he found it impossible to organize a bloc that could hold together long enough to form a dependable majority in the Reichstag. Every effort to increase the strength of his support by conciliating some of the members of the Nationalist party resulted in a corresponding loss of support among the Democrats and Socialists. Responsible government is almost impossible in Germany in the face of so many antagonistic parties.

UNDER the stipulations of the treaty of Versailles Germany may build no more great Zeppelins at Friedrichshafen. Smaller dirigibles may still be built there, but it seems probable that the manufacture of the giant airships will be transferred to this country. The Goodyear Company of Akron, Ohio, has already bought the American rights to the patents, designs and trade secrets of the Zeppelin Company and proposes to bring over to this country the engineers and draftsmen who, by long experience at Friedrichshafen, are especially fitted to direct the making of the great Zeppelins. The workmen at the Wingfoot Lake plant are and will remain entirely American.

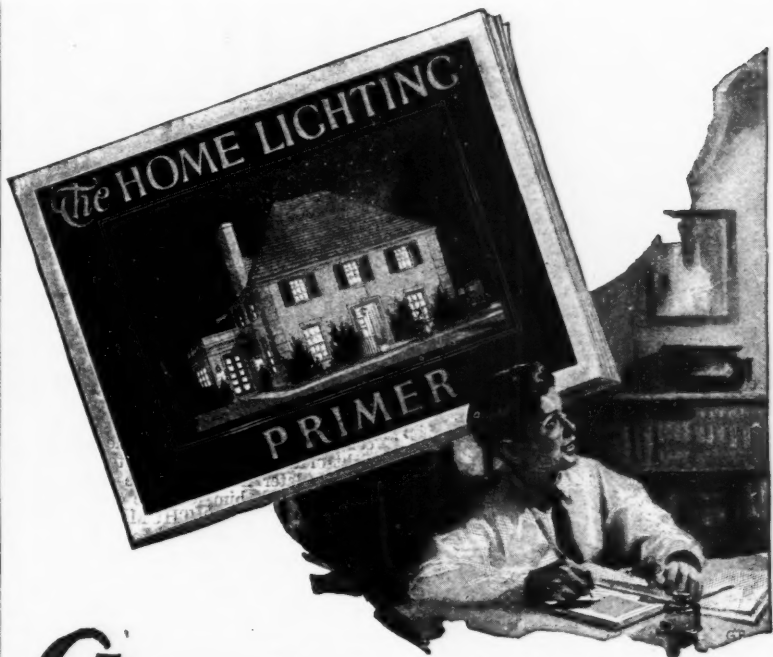
THOUGH at the moment when we write the date is not set, a double royal wedding is in prospect for Europe. The Crown Prince of Italy, Prince Humbert, is to marry the Princess Marie of Belgium, and Humbert's sister, the Princess Mafalda of Italy, is to marry Leopold, the young Crown Prince of Belgium. If dynastic alliances played the decisive part that they used to play in international diplomacy, Belgium and Italy would be firmly united by this matrimonial arrangement.

WASHINGTON will miss M. Jusserand, the French Ambassador, who has retired after acting for twenty-one years as the representative of the French Republic at our capital. M. Jusserand is a skillful and able diplomat, who has made himself an ambassador to the American people as well as to their government. His own countrymen recognize the value of the service he has rendered them. He may be rewarded by election to the Academy; he is a historian and a man of letters as well as a diplomat and would value a chair among the "Forty Immortals" more than any other distinction that could be offered him. M. Emile Daeschner will succeed him at Washington.

THE long difference between the First Presbyterian Church of New York and the General Assembly over the ministry of the Rev. Harry E. Fosdick came to a crisis last month when Dr. Fosdick resigned. Dr. Fosdick is a Baptist, and his occupancy of so important a Presbyterian pulpit has offended a good many Presbyterians, especially those who regarded his theological views as objectionably "liberal." The General Assembly finally proposed that, if he desired to remain at the First Church, he should join the Presbyterian communion. That course Dr. Fosdick preferred not to adopt because that would mean his subscribing to a creed he cannot wholly accept.

THE province of Ontario has voted to retain the law that prohibits the sale and manufacture of liquor. The majority was considerably smaller than it was when the law was first passed, but in view of the "wet" victories in the provinces of western Canada the victory of "dry" principles in the largest Canadian province gratifies the advocates of prohibition.

THE military situation in China has taken one of those curious kaleidoscopic changes which are so difficult for Western observers to interpret. In the midst of what appeared to be decisive fighting between Chang and Wu along the border between China and Manchuria, General Feng, who is widely known as the "Christian general," abandoned Wu, led his army back to Peking, seized control of the government, declared for peace and deposed Wu from the command of the army. Tsao Kun seems also to have retired as president of the republic. Wu is rallying his army to drive Feng out of Peking. Chang has agreed to stop fighting, though what terms he has made with Feng we do not at present know.



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- TWO FIFTH PRIZES—1 Boy—1 Girl
\$300 scholarship in American or Canadian College or University of accepted standard.
- TWO SIXTH PRIZES—1 Boy—1 Girl
\$300 scholarship in American or Canadian College or University of accepted standard.



The
LIGHTING EDUCATIONAL COMMITTEE
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The CHILDREN'S PAGE

The Day When Little Bear Stepped Out

By Frances Margaret Fox



Little Bear was so glad one morning when he awoke and saw the sun shining that he jumped out of bed and ran down stairs without stopping to say "Good morning" to his mother or his father. Then he went through the garden to the river and took a splashing bath. After that he turned a few somersaults on the bank and shouted at a mud turtle to see whether he could make him jump; but the turtle didn't even draw in his head. He was so calm and undisturbed that he made Little Bear laugh.

"I wouldn't be you for anything, Muddy," Little Bear called over his shoulder as he ran skipping and dancing back to the house. "I am hungry," were the first words he said to his mother. He was glad that she was dipping porridge into three bowls. He was also glad that the porridge was neither too hot nor too cold, but just right.

After breakfast Little Bear sat on the front steps and gazed at the trees and the violets and the buttercups and was happy. He was so happy that he began softly singing his thoughts, like this: "Oh, the world is good and I like it. I am glad I am alive. I don't know what I am going to play today, or what folks I am going to see, but—tra-la-la-la, tra-la-la-la, how glad I am I'm me!"

Just then Father Bear sang out without any tune at all, "What do you say, Little Bear, to some good hard work today?"

Little Bear pretended to be deaf. He hummed another tune softly to himself as if he hadn't heard Father Bear say a thing.

"Well, old man," Father Bear called again, "Mother Bear has been planning some work for us, and it is about time—"

At that up jumped Little Bear, but not to go to work with his father. He still pretended not to hear. He jumped to see whether he could catch a falling oak leaf before it touched the ground. He caught the leaf and then turned a somersault that landed him near the front gate. By that time Father



Out he stepped upon the highway trail

Bear was standing in the doorway and Mother Bear was looking through the window; both were smiling.

Now it happened that Little Bear had only one thought in his mind, and that was that he would not work if he could help it on such a lovely morning after three rainy days; so with only half a look toward the house he called back:

"I think I shall step out for a little while!" And out he stepped upon the highway trail. Little Bear walked slowly at first. He thought that, if he ran, Father Bear might say something about work and make him

come back. But the minute he was out of sight of the house he began to run. A few seconds later he thought he heard heavy steps behind him on the hard path—"THUMP-THUMP, THUMP-THUMP!"

Little Bear didn't look back, but darted into the underbrush where some thorny bushes tore his coat. He worked and he worked and he worked to get through that rough thicket. The thorns caught and held him, briars pricked him and little switches slapped him in the face, but he wouldn't go back. After he had worked and worked until he was ragged, he reached an open space in which burdocks were growing higher than his head. The huge plants were covered with burrs. Little Bear worked and worked to get through that burdock patch. He squeezed between the stalks and tramped them down; he bent them over and away from his face and worked and worked until at last he made his way through the tangle and sat down on a bit of brown grass to rest and wonder what to do next.

The reason he wondered was that he was sitting on the only bit of grass in sight and

made him stub his toe. Down he fell and skinned his nose. Up he scrambled, and then down he went again and bumped his head.

By this time Little Bear had discovered that he was in a swamp that had been burned over by fire. All the logs were black and smudgy. Little Bear was black and smudgy too. One eye was soon so swollen that it was closed, and his nose felt as big as a pumpkin.

It seemed to Little Bear that he should never reach the hill, but he worked and he worked and he worked at climbing over logs until he was out of the swamp. Next it seemed as if the hill threw stones at him because as he climbed up the stones bounced down and hit him and hit him and hit him—as if it were a game.

Up the hill and down the hill and then the broad river! Little Bear decided to cross the river because the walking looked easy on the other side. He thought he could walk to a

He climbed carefully over the logs



DRAWINGS BY WALT HARRIS

the place was dismal. Fallen logs were lying in piles on the ground as far as he could see; but he couldn't see far because there was a steep, high, stony hill on the other side of the logs.

Suddenly Little Bear shook his head and made the kind of sound that you make when you say the letter *m* with your mouth shut tight—"m-m-m-mmm." He was in the middle of the Bad Lands, and he knew it. All his life he had been warned against wandering into the Bad Lands.

Little Bear tried to stand, but he had to work to get loose. He was covered with burrs and of course when he tried to get up the burrs that were on him stuck to the brown grass too, and there he was.

"I wish," said Little Bear as he worked and worked and worked picking burrs from his summer suit, "I wish I hadn't stepped out!"

While Little Bear was wondering how to get home easily he saw a kingfisher come flying over the steep hill. Then he knew that the river must be on the other side. "The thing to do," Little Bear said to his own toes, "the thing to do is to get to the river and find out which way is where—if I can."

For a few minutes Little Bear climbed carefully over the logs. Then because the place was so lonely he tried to hurry. That

bridge and so, in time, find his way home without recrossing the Bad Lands.

But the river wouldn't have him. Little Bear was a good swimmer, but the heavy rains had changed that bit of the river into a rushing, roaring torrent. The minute Little Bear plunged in the water caught him and tossed him and turned him and spanked him until he was glad to get out alive, even on the Bad Lands side. There was only one thing to do then, and that was to cross the swamp, cross the burdock patch and scramble through the thorny thicket back to the highway trail.

A few minutes after Little Bear reached the highway trail he met Father Bear and Mother Bear, and just for a second Mother Bear didn't know him.

Little Bear's summer suit was ragged and torn and black. One of his eyes was swollen until it was closed, and his nose was so puffed up that he could scarcely see over it with his good eye. There were burrs sticking in his ears and briars trailing behind him.

"Well, what old man is this?" inquired Father Bear.

"Oh, my poor darling Little Bear!" Mother Bear wailed.



Both were smiling

A CURIOUS THING

By Daisy D. Stephenson

There's a very old saying that's puzzling to me;

It doesn't make sense, as I'm sure you'll agree.

So won't you please tell me why under the sun

When colors are guaranteed "fast" they won't run?



Little Bear didn't even look at her. He cocked his head on one side, squinted his eye over his swelled nose and said to Father Bear, "I am ready for work any time. What is my work?"

"Work?" echoed Mother Bear.

"Yes," answered Little Bear. "Just before I stepped out Father Bear spoke of some work we have to do today?"

At that Father Bear began to laugh so loud and so merrily that Mother Bear was cross. She said as fast as humming-birds whirr their wings, "If-you-don't-pick-that-poor-little-fellow-up-and-carry-him-home-instantly-I-will!"

So Father Bear picked Little Bear up, carried him home and put him carefully in his own huge chair.

While Mother Bear gave him a bath and rubbed all his bumps and bruises in witch-hazel Little Bear told his story from beginning to end.

"Now, if you please, tell me what my work is?" he finally said. "It will be play after the way I have had to work all this forenoon!"

"Well, old man," Father Bear answered, "your work was to carry honey cakes in your little basket to a neighborhood picnic in the glen. Mother Bear planned it all; the big basket for me, the middle-sized basket for her, full of good things to eat; and your hard work was to carry your little basket full of honey cakes!"

"Now, Father Bear," Mother Bear interrupted, "don't you tease him. You carry him and the big basket, and I'll carry the middle-sized basket and the little basket of honey cakes, and we'll trot right along to the picnic!"

What the work turned out to be



So they did; but Little Bear didn't play any games that afternoon. He just sat and held his nose and thought how hard he had worked that lovely day when he tried to run away from work. And with all the neighbors saying, "Just look at him, will you!" it was not much fun.

At bedtime, though Little Bear laughed at the joke on himself, it hurt him so to move that he said "OW!" He explained to his pillow a little later, "When I stepped out, I stepped in—to trouble! OW!"

But the next morning Little Bear was all well.

MAGIC BIRDS

By Melcena Burns Denny

Autumn is passing,
And gray is the sky.
Poppy pods bend
As the wind swishes by.

Up in a tree
Is a bird's nest alone.
"Rock-a-by baby!"
The birdies have flown.

No! What a flutter!
Look on the bough.
Wee little redbirds
Are sitting there now.

They tilt and they twirl
A-quiver and bright;
They're timid and eager,
They're ready for flight.

Now they are flying
Over my head.
Oh, they are lovely!
Oh, they are red!

They light on my shoulder,
They peck at my sleeves,
They turn at a touch
Into shy autumn leaves!

THE HOUSE IN THE APPLE TREE

By Charlotte E. Wilder

"COME ON, now, throw her high." Bobby crouched in his place over by the apple tree and waited while Betty "wound up" her arm like a real baseball player. Togo, the little brown terrier, flew from one to the other, yapping and almost turning somersaults in his excitement. Up went the ball. This time it certainly did go high. It rose straight toward a cloud, turned suddenly and dropped down right into the tree. And there it stayed. It was caught in a bunch of leaves and twigs in the crook of an old gnarled branch.

"Well, you've gone and done it now," said Bobby. "We shall never be able to get it down."

"Oh, you can climb that tree," said Betty. "Shame on you if you can't! Why, the Grover children played in it all the time when they lived here."

"They must have had a ladder then," answered Bobby, and he stretched himself up against the trunk. He could not touch even the lowest branch with his finger tips. "I wish they had left it."

"No good wishing," said Betty. "Let's shake the tree."

But of course they couldn't shake it much, for they couldn't reach the branches. Bobby had a better idea. He began to throw pebbles and green apples into the leaves but suddenly one of the stones went over the tree and rapped on the window of the barn. That was the last stone which Bobby threw. He did not want to break the glass.

"I know!" said Betty.

She skipped away to the field where her pony, Star, was grazing and led him back with her. Betty could do anything she liked

with Star; she could ride him bareback and sideways; her father said that she could ride him upside down! Bobby was two years older, and so of course he could ride Star too. It took him only a moment to climb up on the pony's back and kneel. Then, by stretching out his arms he could easily reach the lowest branch. When Betty saw that he had tight hold of it she gave Star a little push, just for fun. The pony trotted away and left Bobby hanging from the tree. But he laughed good humoredly, for he liked a joke, swung his legs round the bough and pulled himself up into the middle of the tree.

He climbed higher and higher until he could put out his hand and pick up the ball. Then he began to come down again. "Say," he called suddenly, "there's a wonderful place here to sit in. It's like a little cave. Oh!" He was almost shrieking with excitement. "Somebody's left a box in it." He held up a little tin box tied with red cord.

"Open it," Betty called. She would have given her marbles and green swing and pink party dress for a pair of wings to take her up there into the tree too. Bobby pried open the cover and pulled out a paper.

"Read it," she cried. So he began to read it in a loud voice:

"To whomever it doth concern:

This playhole was discovered by the pirate band and used by them for adventures and games. It is the property of anyone who finds it, for a Good Time.

Prissy Grover
Prunes Grover
Pop Grover

P. S. Look in the treasure hole three paces past the willow near the stream and find something to your advantage.

P. P. P. G."

"Wow!" Bobby came down faster than he went up; in fact he landed flat on his hands and knees. The next minute he was up and running in the direction of the stream.

"Where are you going?" Betty called.

"To the treasure hole," he answered, but she didn't know what he meant, because he had forgotten to read the postscript to her. She went panting after him anyway as fast as she could, and when she caught up with him he was crawling on his knees among some alder bushes and big boulders.

They both brushed aside the thickest of the bushes and looked right into a little low hollow in the ground that was covered with a piece of heavy canvas. They pulled off the covering, and under it there lay some wooden steps, made of strips of board nailed together. They looked like the steps that the porter in a sleeping car brings to help people get into the upper berths.

"Well, did you ever!" They both stared a moment, and then, "Lend a hand," said Bobby.

Back over the field they went, pulling the steps with them. When they set them up against the tree they saw that they were just the right height. That very afternoon Bobby began to build a table that stretched from one branch to another and to put up the canvas over the hollow place so that it made a lovely out-of-door house. They brought some provisions too, crackers in a tin box, and books of adventure. Their mother said that it was a wonder they didn't wear the branches out, getting up and down every day as they did. But the old apple tree may have liked to have a play house in its branches. Anyway, the next fall it gave them more apples than ever before.

IF THE ELEPHANT CAME

By Livingston B. Morse

Did you ever really stop to think

How dreadful it would be

If the Elephant came to stay all night

And forgot to bring his key?

Of course you'd have to be polite

And offer him your things;

But who knows the junk

In an Elephant's trunk

Or what it is he brings?

Your nightie would be quite absurd;

Your slippers wouldn't fit;

And as for caps and coats and

gloves—

They wouldn't do a bit.

I hardly think he'd wear your boots,

Or use your brush and comb;

I fancy that the best way out

Would be to send him home.

One Week Ago

Those teeth had a dingy film



Accept this offer and try for a few days a new teeth cleaning method. Millions now employ it. The glistening teeth you see everywhere now show how much it means.

Combat the film

Now your teeth have a viscous film. It clings to teeth, resists the tooth brush, enters crevices and stays.

Food stains, etc., discolor it. Then it forms dingy coats. That is why teeth lose luster.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in film. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Became alarming

So few escaped these troubles that conditions became alarming. Then dental science sought ways to fight film.

Two effective methods

have been found. One acts to disintegrate the film, one to remove it without harmful scouring. Both were embodied in a new-type tooth paste, called Pepsodent. Now that tooth paste has come into world-wide use, largely by dental advice.

Aids nature, too

Pepsodent also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

Watch these effects for a few days. You will quickly see and feel them.

Send for this 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

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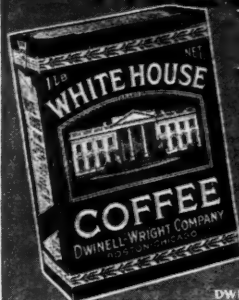
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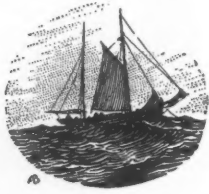
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SUNSET ON THE ENGLISH COAST

By Nancy Byrd Turner



*Twilight has taken solemn shore
And humble street, but all the sea
Is brimmed with color jewel-pure;*

*Jasper and rose of pearl afar,
Long rifts of broken amethyst
And beryl at the harbor bar.*

*The fishing fleets are come to rest,
Anchored of dreams, their fallen sails
Clean etched against the amber west.*

*No wind; but where the ebb tide frets
A crystal pool some fishermen
Sing as they wash their tawny nets.*

*Dusk trembles over wave and strand
And gathers on a single boat
Thrust out a little from the land*

*Where, as the shadows overwhelm,
A low-set light shines steadfastly
Between the masthead and the helm,*

*A lonely, clear, uncurving light,
Fair as a star but tenderer,
Pure as a Presence in the night.*

*Earth has its hours of mystery;
The eyes fall away; dark folds
As deep as love on Galilee.*

HIS BIT OF WORK

"JOHN, JOHN," exclaimed the father, shaking his head sadly, "what slithering work you do!"

"It's all right, father," replied the boy. "I get it past the boss and get my pay too!"

"There's more in the work, my boy, than in the pay," said the father.

"The pay's the main thing," retorted John. "No, John, it is not the main thing either. Let me tell you something that I heard today."

"In the stone works a young man was suddenly set to do a piece of carving. The man on the job had been taken ill, and the task had to be finished on time. The young man did not know what the stone was for, but he went at the work in his accustomed painstaking way. He chiselled out a stem here, a leaf there and flowers above. The master workman approved the job, and the stone left the works. Some months passed."

"Today the young man was walking through the great and beautiful building that the city has just completed and opened. He came to the most prominent pillar, a handsome column crowned with a piece of lily work. 'Why,' he exclaimed, 'there's my bit of work!' And, taking off his cap, he gazed at it and said reverently: 'Thank God, I did that job well!'"

"I happened to overhear the remark, and I spoke to him. Then he told me the story of that bit of work. When I heard the young man's remark and saw the light in his eye, John, I knew then, if I had never known before, that work is a holy thing! Right wages and just treatment for workmen are proper adjuncts, but above and beyond them your bit of work is holy to you."

"The Bible speaks of the 'workman that needeth not to be ashamed.' That young man toiling in the dirt and din of the stone works fashioned his bit with his soul in his job and found at last his work crowning a glorious pillar! That is true of all good work; sooner or later the finished work will be crowned. Then who can measure the joy of the workman? And if that bit of work happens to be the crowning piece of a well-hewn character, calling forth the praise of the Great Master, 'Well done, good and faithful servant!' the joy of the workman will not be measured by time or by anything that belongs to the world of time!"

WHERE THERE ARE NEIGHBORS

"AND you ask me why I want to end my days in the country!" exclaimed Aunt Rachel, taking off her cape and sitting down near the kitchen window with her knitting. She had just returned from her annual visit to her son in Philadelphia.

"My dear," she went on, "one afternoon there was a funeral just four doors down the street; sixteen automobiles there were and a big truck to take the flowers to the cemetery. And I don't believe one single neighbor in that

street went to the funeral or went in and asked if they could do anything! Mary didn't even know their names or whether it was man, woman or child who had died."

"It just reminded me of when Tom's little Helen died last summer. When they came home from the hospital that morning there wasn't a thing to eat, and Tom went across to that old man who runs the fruit stand to get some oranges. There was a sign on the front, 'Use the back door.'"

"Tom asked him what was wrong, and he said, 'Why, Mr. Smith, you don't think I would keep my shop open today, do you?'"

"Nor did he open his shop until after the funeral. 'Then there was the farmer who came into the store to get a piece for his mowing machine that Tom had ordered for him. Tom was down there for a few hours; he told the man the part hadn't come. 'I told you,' he said, 'that it couldn't get here till next week. It's too bad you had that trip way in here for nothing.'"

"I come in to pay for it anyway," the farmer said, putting a five dollar bill into Tom's hand."

"But, Mr. Bosson," Tom said, 'it's only a dollar or so; we won't know how much it is till it gets here.'"

"I know that," the man replied, kind of shy, 'but I heard about your loss yesterday, and I thought five dollars might come in handy. You need lots, you know.'"

"I don't wonder Tom cried when he told me about it." And Aunt Rachel wiped her eyes.

"And there was that little Italian girl who lives down behind the trotting park. She came with a big calla lily her mother had raised, the stem tied with a big pink bow, and she said it was for her friend, little Helen. They went to school together. Helen's mother put it right up on top of the little white casket, and she threw her arms round the little Italian girl, and I just know it made her feel better, all that sympathy and neighborly love. Yes, indeed, I want to live where a body has real neighbors!" Aunt Rachel concluded warily.

THE MOST DANGEROUS JUNGLE BEAST

THE best judges whether an animal is dangerous or not are the jungle people who live in the forests where the animal is found. Many persons, says Mr. J. C. Faunthorpe in Asia, believe that the Indian tiger is ferocious. They will be astonished to hear that the jungle men are much more afraid of the sloth bear and the wild boar than they are of the tiger or the leopard.

I remember, says Mr. Faunthorpe, a man who was riding a pony along a path in the Tarai. He had been in India only a few weeks and was quite ignorant of the habits of wild animals. In fear of a tiger that he saw walking along the road he got off his pony, cast it loose and crawled into the grass at the side of the path, where he remained hidden for some time. I have no doubt that the tiger also left the road and took refuge in the jungle. With the sloth bear and the wild boar, and particularly the sloth bear, things are quite different. If a man meets a sloth bear, it is just about an even chance whether the animal will go straight for him or go away.

Elephants are very much afraid of the sloth bear, and few will stand steady if a bear is on foot; they will stand much steadier near a wounded tiger. When a bear is wounded he rolls about, uttering loud screams, which make elephants so nervous that they sometimes run away.

Once when I was going on a pad elephant over some broken hill country above a deep river bed with precipitous banks I saw a bear in some grass so high that in order to get a shot I had to kneel on the pad. When I knocked the bear over and he began to yell the elephant ran furiously in the direction of the river bank. The mahout managed to stop her close to the bank, but as he turned her round the bear came toward us, still screaming. I had been thrown down when the elephant bolted, and I was lying across her back, clutching the rope of the pad with one hand and my rifle with the other. The elephant proceeded to retreat backwards and actually put one hind foot over the precipitous bank of the river, the bed of which was full of boulders, some thirty or forty feet below. I had a vision of landing on the boulders, with the elephant on top of me, but fortunately, finding nothing under her outstretched hind foot, she stopped retreating and executed a flanking movement on the top of the bank. By that time the bear had died. It was a nerve-shattering experience. Being on a runaway elephant was unpleasant enough in itself; the precipice made it much worse.

A RAILWAY STATION IN HER HONOR

FEW people besides Kate Douglas Wiggin, we venture to assert, can boast of a railway station finished in their honor. She had been engaged to read at a church benefit in a small town in New York and was on her way there on the train. In her autobiography she relates her interesting experience thus:

I alighted at four o'clock and was met by a committee of cordial townsmen and women and driven to the house of my host. My hostess led me to a guest chamber heated by an air-tight stove and begged me to rest, as twenty friends

were coming to supper at six o'clock. My heart sank, for I was accustomed to quiet and solitude before a reading, but I graciously concealed my feelings.

I shall never forget the supper—delicious and bountiful food hospitably served by the ladies themselves, who went to and from the kitchen, attending to every one easily and well. The gentleman on my left, who was the chairman of the entertainment committee, was terribly nervous and shy and consequently somewhat embarrassed and clumsy, upsetting his glass, dropping his knife, fork and spoon continually and knocking his head against mine when I stooped sympathetically to help him recover his tools. His face was crimson and bedewed with crystal drops of perspiration, for we were on the warm side of the dining room, and my various remarks were received only with monosyllables. At last we reached the ice cream, and he gradually grew more at ease. Suddenly he asked:

"Did you notice the station you came into this afternoon, ma'am?"

"I noticed that it was new and very neat and attractive," I answered.

"Well, I'm glad you liked it, ma'am, for it was finished off especially for you."

My teaspoon paused on the way to my mouth as I said, "I don't quite understand. How do you mean?"

"Well," he answered, now voluble and friendly, "you see we've been building that station for three months, and the work ain't gone smooth. Troubles with delivery, labor, bad weather and one thing and 'nother. I'm one of the building committee, and at the last meeting, when I found out you was coming here from New York to read, I says, 'Look-a-here! Do we intend to have that lady come into an unfinished depot when there ain't a week's labor to do on it? I for one would be ashamed of the town!' Well, sir, they all took fire and finished up the job inside and out in seven days."

"How simply magnificent!" I exclaimed. "Not so bad, was it? Did you notice the waiting room as you came through?"

"I saw that it was very comfortable and somehow a little unlike other stations."

"Well, you see we couldn't get the stove and the right settees and tables and icewater tank delivered for tonight, so the entertainment committee turned out and furnished the room themselves. Five or six of the ladies at this supper lent two sofas, five leather and two stuffed chairs, two black-walnut, marble-topped tables and some vases of chrysanthemums. They won't take 'em back till after you leave on the noon express tomorrow neither. That's in the contract. We'll set where we can till she goes—that's what they said, and they meant it!"

THE ADVANTAGES OF POOR MEN'S CHILDREN

PRESIDENT-EMERITUS ELIOT of Harvard firmly believes that every normal boy, like every man who is worth his salt, likes productive labor and should have his chance early in contributing something to the family. In A Late Harvest, Dr. Eliot sets down some of his opinions as follows:

The country-bred child who has taken active part in the defense of the family against the rigors of nature and in the support and care of the household has learned lessons in co-operation and loving service that have high moral value and promise much for the adult life.

The thoughtful son of a poor man is sure to learn early two lessons that will be useful in his life. The first is to avoid unnecessary spending, and the second is to save money or goods for future use. He distinguishes between transitory and durable satisfactions and avoids spending his earnings for the unsatisfying gratifications in order to use his money later on the satisfying. This is first-rate practice in discrimination and self-control.

The children of the well-to-do are likely to keep up a steady small expenditure on trivial luxuries; the children of poor men have to deny themselves silly expenditures, to their great advantage, both physical and moral. They learn to go without cheerfully; not to spend and not to waste.

The children of professional men of small income, as well as the children of farmers, mechanics or laborers, can often get this training in productive labor, co-operation and economy. The boys can do all the heavy work of the household, like taking care of the furnace, carrying coal and kindling to the kitchen, blacking boots and shoes, shoveling snow in winter and keeping the front yard and back yard neat all the year round.

One day I was looking at the full-length portrait of a professional man, in company with one of his sons, who within a few years after leaving college had already become an eminent railway manager. The portrait seemed to me a strong likeness both as to face and as to figure, but when I asked the son what he thought of it he replied with enthusiasm: "It's admirable! Those are the very boots that I've cleaned hundreds of times!"

That sensible father, who knew so well how to bring up his boys, was always obliged to live frugally, because he had a large family and a moderate salary. But he lived a long, serviceable and happy life. That son, who was so serviceable at home, became a distinguished business man and a wise philanthropist,

friendly and influential with all sorts and conditions of men.

Any boy who is promising physically and morally takes keen satisfaction in contributing to the welfare of the household and to the ease of mind of the father and mother with regard to the family income and its best applications. Girls who help their mothers in caring for the house and the children win a similar satisfaction and moral gain.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the advantage children thus brought up have over children who are always attended by hired servants, so that they never do any work either for themselves or for their parents. There is a considerable moral difference between a person who is clean, tidy and orderly through his own habitual action and the person who is made so only by the action of servants.

Poor men's children receive a valuable training in going without superfluities and in avoiding excess; and this training comes in a perfectly natural and inevitable way and not through artificial regulation or discipline. Such experience heightens the enjoyment of necessities and comforts not only in childhood but also all through later life. It is a grave error to suppose that luxurious living is more enjoyable than plain living. On the contrary, plain living is much the more enjoyable in the long run, besides being more wholesome.

A WALLET IN A CAKE OF ICE

HENRY ALSTON was very careful and methodical—a circumstance that called forth much good-natured teasing from his college roommate, Tom Bowers.

"If that card with your name and address that I just saw you putting in your pocketbook ever does a particle of good, Hank," said Tom, "please let me know how, when and where. You lose the purse and see how quick you get it back!"

"Bet you that card would help!" declared Henry.

"Bet you it wouldn't!"

Some time later Henry's sailing canoe upset, and Henry was rescued after he had been in the water several hours. On removing his wet clothes he discovered that his pocketbook containing twenty-two dollars was missing. He could ill afford to lose the sum.

"Never you mind, though," Tom comforted him, "some big kind fish is going to read that address card and come waddling up here with your money stuck right under his fin!"

COMPLETE SERVICE



Steward: "I thought I'd just bring you a little something to eat up here, sir, and save you trouble."
Passenger: "Thanks, steward; save me a little more trouble and throw it over the rail."
—Graham Simmons in London Opinion.

All that fall and winter a knock at their door usually elicited from Tom some such remark as, "Hurry up, Hank, hurry up! Here's that obliging old fish with your wallet!"

One warm day the following May Henry received a letter bearing the postmark of a nearby town. As he finished reading it he uttered a joyous howl and thrust it under the eyes of his roommate.

"Dear Mr. Alston," the letter ran, "yesterday my wife asked me to pound up some ice for ice cream, and while using the mallet in vigorous style I came across something black and pliable—a leather wallet containing twenty-two dollars in bills and a card bearing your name and address. The case is a little the worse for wear, but the money is O. K. A queer chance, my finding the article, and I'd like to hear the history sometime. Am returning all to you intact by registered mail. Yours truly, L. M. Hawkins."

HOW TO TELL THE AGE OF FISH

IN determining the age of a tree, writes a scientific correspondent, by the ordinary method of counting the number of rings on the stump we allow a year's growth for every ring. In somewhat the same manner the age of a fish can be determined by examining the rings or markings on the scales. A scale must be examined

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under a microscope, for the eye cannot read the markings unaided.

Each marking or ring does not mean a year of growth; it is a group of similar rings that determines a full year or rather a full period of fish life. A student should be familiar with the species of the fish the scales of which he is examining, for the number of rings that represents a periodic growth varies with the species. In the life history of the salmon the groups of distinct markings or lines of the scales show clearly the periods passed in fresh and in salt water. An expert has no difficulty in determining within two months or even less the exact age of the salmon.

It may be supposed that reading the age of a fish by examining its scales under a microscope is a recent scientific discovery. That is not true. The first man of science to use the method was Anthony Van Leeuwenhoek, a Dutchman who was born in 1632. During his lifetime the microscope received many improvements; and Van Leeuwenhoek examined under his instrument every small and unusual object that he could find. Among the things that received his attention were the scales of a carp, the groups of rings of which he read and likened to the lines on the trunk of a felled tree. He also examined the scales of many other species of fish and accurately determined their age. Since it was only during his lifetime that the microscope became an instrument of precision, he was without doubt the discoverer of the method.

It was also owing to Van Leeuwenhoek that the notion that eels do not have scales was proved to be false. He not only determined the presence of scales on eels but also found on them age lines or markings similar to those on the scales of other fish.

AN ASTONISHING JUGGLER

AN old man with long gray hair and beard arrived at the Indian bungalow. He was a juggler, but he had no paraphernalia. After the usual Eastern salutations, says Mr. C. L. Hardecastle in Chambers's Journal, he told us that, if we would give him fifty rupees, he would show us such things as we had never seen before.

We agreed, and, borrowing a rupee from one of us, he took it between his fingers and thumbs, pretended to break it in half and then threw down two rupees. He continued until he had before him a heap of some forty or fifty. Politely handing back the rupee, he then unwound the wisp of white muslin that he wore as a turban and packed up his hoard. It should be remembered that he was naked except for a scanty loin cloth, had no bags or baskets with him and was performing on a gravel driveway in front of the steps.

Next he asked for some curry powder of three different colors. It was supplied him out of the kitchen. Adding water, he mixed the powders in one of our coffee cups and then swallowed—or pretended to swallow—the mixture. Bending down on hands and knees, he asked us to say which color we should like. As the various colors were asked for he blew out of his mouth, quite dry, a little mound of powder of the proper color!

After that our ancient friend asked for some string, and some one handed him a ball. He cut off some five yards and insisted that one of us should cut it into small pieces. Then he made a small ball of the pieces and swallowed it—or pretended to swallow it. Next he asked one of us who had a penknife to make a hole in his side. I stepped forward and gingerly pricked him under one of his ribs, but he was not satisfied. Seizing my hand, he jabbed the blade into himself to its full length! Then he told me to squeeze the wound till the end of the string protruded. I pulled out several feet of the string, leaving it to him to finish the rather unpleasant operation.

After that we all trooped into the dining room, which was big and had a dining table capable of accommodating some thirty people. The rest of the furniture was of heavy and solid Bombay black wood; the sideboard filled up most of one wall. We were told to go through the folding doors into the drawing room and to shut them. As soon as we had done so we heard an appalling uproar.

When all was still, we were called into the dining room. Our gaze fell on all the furniture taken to pieces and piled in a heap in the middle of the room! Then we were sent back into the drawing room and heard the same racket again. On returning we found all the furniture once more in the proper place. Our friend the juggler then made salaam and asked permission to take his leave.

THE SYMBOLIC ICE SKATES

A CURIOUS sight it was, an old pair of rusty skates hanging outside a shop on a tropical island in the West Indies! I wondered, says Mr. A. Hyatt Verrill in his book In the Wake of the Buccaneers, whom the proprietor expected to sell them to, so I entered and inquired. Imagine my astonishment when the shop-keeper solemnly informed me that they had been there for years, and that no one knew exactly what they were used for. "But," he added, "I am aware that they are significant of the holiday season, and so I hang them outside regularly each year as an indication to passers-by that my Christmas stock of merchandise is on sale."

THE HEROES OF TO-DAY

WAYNE J. MORRILL

Scout Wayne J. Morrill of 820 W. Washington Blvd., Fort Wayne, Indiana, earned the bronze medal for saving the life of Scout Paul Crawford at a summer camp of Troup No. 7.

Crawford was learning to swim, but got over his depth. He shouted for help and sank below the surface. Scout Morrill swam toward him and diving several times reached Crawford and dragged him to shore. Crawford was far gone when brought in and it was some time before the Scouts with their First Aid knowledge succeeded in resuscitating him.



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A RADIO RECEIVER IN A MATCH BOX

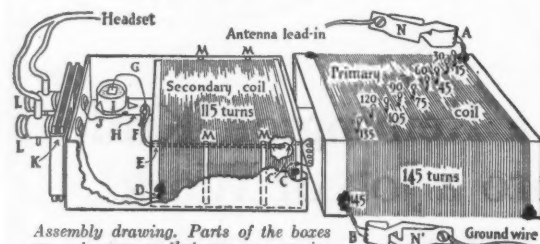
A RADIO set of the two-circuit, crystal-detector type that is small enough to be carried in the pocket and that costs less than eighty-five cents, but that is efficient over a wide range of broadcast wave lengths and when the conditions are favorable over a distance of from ten to twenty-five miles can be made from the following materials:

- 1 sensitive crystal, mounted.
- 1 fixed condenser of the "postage stamp" or "eyelet" type, capacity .001 or .002 m. f.
- 125 feet of No. 28 single-covered copper wire.
- 4 inches of No. 18 bare magnet wire.
- 2 inches of "catwhisker" wire.
- 2 small metal spring clips.
- 2 binding posts.
- A strip of tin, 1 by 2 inches in size.
- A roll of gummed paper one inch wide.
- Small amounts of solder and of sealing wax.
- A wooden safety-match box, "household size," about 1 by 2 by 2½ inches.
- A wooden safety-match box, "pocket size," about ½ by 1½ by 2½ inches, which fits loosely in the drawer of the larger box.

Besides the set itself nothing is required except the usual headset and antenna and ground wires. No batteries are needed.

With a pair of scissors cut about three eighths of an inch from one end of both cover and drawer of the small match box, then close the open end of the drawer by fastening across it with gummed paper the piece that you cut off.

Wrap the covers of both boxes in several layers of gummed paper to strengthen them.



Assembly drawing. Parts of the boxes are cut away so that you can see inside. Do not make these cuts in your set.

Cover the inner side walls of the cover of the large box with the paper and in the same way reinforce the entire surface of the drawer of the large box.

Wind on the cover of the large box one hundred and forty-five turns of wire, securing the first turn by twisting and making a nub or loop of the bare end (A). At every fifteenth turn twist a small loop, arranging the successive loops diagonally across the top of the cover as shown in the diagram, until there are ten loops. After you have made the tenth loop, wind on ten more turns, secure the wire by twisting about the final turn and finish with another nub or loop of bare wire (B). Scrape the insulation from each of the loops, anchor the ends of the wire at A and B with a few drops of sealing wax, and the primary coil is complete.

On the cover of the small box wind one hundred and fifteen turns of wire, taking care to start and finish on the side that is formed of two thicknesses of wood. Secure the ends (C, D) and wax them as on the large box, but leave at each end two inches of wire hanging free.

Remove the drawer of the small box and between the two layers of wood that form the side of the cover on which the ends of the coil were fastened thrust a straight piece (E) of No. 18 bare magnet wire four inches long. It will project at each end of the cover. To one end solder the end C of the loose wire C. Pull the No. 18 wire back until the joint just soldered is hidden inside the cover. Then bend the free end to form a handle (F), and at the curve of the handle solder a piece of "catwhisker" wire (G) two inches long.

Bend the corners at one end of the strip of tin (H) to form two claws. Place the crystal cup (I) on the strip and press it against the claws, being careful not to touch the crystal itself with the fingers. Mark its position. With a sharp knife cut a small V, the open end of which coincides with the edge of the base of the cup opposite and midway between the two claws. Bend up the point to form a third claw, which holds the cup firmly. To this detector base solder a two-inch piece of wire (J) near the crystal cup. Replace the drawer in the small box and thrust the end of the strip of tin not occupied by the crystal cup between the box and the bottom of the drawer on the side away from the one where you fastened the No. 18

wire. Place the condenser (K) against the end of the drawer of the large box. Mark the position of the connection holes and bore or burn corresponding holes through the end of the drawer. Slip a washer over the base screw of each binding post (L, L) and put one screw through each hole with its head inside the drawer.

Now place the small box in the large drawer in the position shown in the diagram, and fasten it into place with wedges (M) or sealing wax. To the head of one screw connect the short wire (J) from the base of the detector; to the other connect the free end of the secondary coil (D). Slide the condenser over the screws and fasten it into place by screwing on the binding posts. Slide the large drawer halfway into its cover, and the set is ready for use. There is no wire connection between the two coils.

To operate the receiver fasten one spring clip (N) to the antenna lead-in, the other (N') to the ground wire. Connect the headset to the binding posts (L, L). Attach the antenna clip to A and the ground to B. By manipulating the large wire arm adjust the "catwhisker" so that it touches the crystal lightly on a sensitive spot. If you hear no signal, move the antenna clip to one after another of the primary coil taps. When you have picked up a station slide the large drawer in or out until the point is found at which you hear with the greatest clearness. When tuning the set in that way take care to avoid joggling the "catwhisker" and be sure to grasp the cover of the large box by the exposed end instead of round the wire coils.

The parts, with the possible exception of the "catwhisker" wire, should all be easy to find; if you have trouble, the

Editor of the Boys' Page will tell you where you can buy them. If you wish, he will send you without charge enough of the best phosphor bronze "catwhisker" wire for two detectors of the sort described. Address The Editor of the Boys' Page, The Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass.

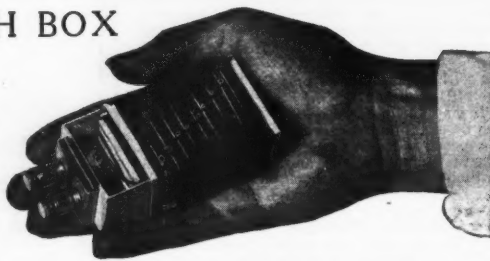
BURNING THE MIDNIGHT OIL

BILL was a senior in high school. Not much different from other boys, he liked to play basketball on the school team and was not particularly keen about spending too much time on his books. But there was at least one commendable quality about Bill—his strong determination to accomplish what he set out to do. He played basketball in that spirit, as many an opponent found out when he tried to evade Bill's splendid guarding of the basket.

One day Bill was assigned a difficult task for a class in civics. He was to draw a map of the county in which he lived, on which he was to show the cities, villages, railways, highways, and other things commonly shown on a good county map. The day before the map was due was a holiday, and Bill started to work on the map early that morning. He took notes on the town maps shown him at the library; he looked up new boundary lines at the registry of deeds; he rode on his bicycle to the cut-off made by the river during the spring flood and added to his map an item not shown on any other. All day long he was busy, and when supper time came he had the map almost done. There it lay, carefully worked out, an accurate map about twenty-four by thirty inches in size. Bill looked at it with some pride.

Just then his mother called him to supper. As he turned to go, he unconsciously moved the map and thereby knocked over a bottle of ink, which quickly ran all over the paper. The work was ruined.

The next morning the civics teacher met Bill on the way to school. He was carrying a roll of something under his arm. As the two walked along Bill said, "Do you know, I have not had my clothes off since yesterday morning." "So?" asked the teacher. "What was the matter?" He then told the story of the map and continued, "After supper I got another piece of stock and started again. I forgot all about



A photograph of the finished receiver

time and everything until the alarm went off this morning. But I've got the map almost done." And he did finish it in time to hand it in when it was due.

Those who know Bill are expecting great things of him. They expect them because they believe that he will carry that habit of seeing things through into his life work. You cannot beat a man who does not know when he is beaten, and no man is beaten until he admits it.

Jan Smuts, the great Boer leader, once had an early morning visit from the commander of the military school that he was attending, because the officer had seen a light in his window. "You are an early riser," said the officer. "No, sir," said Smuts. "I am just going to bed." He had been working most of the night on his lessons. No wonder that the man who fought the British so valiantly in the Boer war became one of the members of the famous War Cabinet that Mr. Lloyd George appointed to govern all Britain and bring the war to a successful close.

It was said of Demosthenes by his opponent Aeschines, "His orations smell of oil." That was only a way of deriding Demosthenes because he spent long hours of the night preparing his speeches. When Aeschines made a speech, the people said, "What a wonderful speaker he is!" Their attention was all for the man and his actions. But when Demosthenes spoke, the people cried, "Let us march against the Spartans."

GUARD OFF

"GUARD OFF" is an elaboration of the simple game of hide and seek, but it requires much greater vigilance and better judgment on the part of the player who is "it," for the reason that he must not only catch three of those who are in hiding but so manoeuvre while away from the home base as to prevent the escape of any players whom he has already caught. It also requires better judgment and more ingenuity on the part of those in hiding.

Any number can play guard off, and its requirements are so simple that virtually no preparation is necessary. You will need a "guard" in the shape of an old broomstick, or any other similar piece of wood, of such weight and length that you can throw it some distance. It should stand with one end on the ground and with the other end leaning against a fence post, a tree trunk or any other object that you choose for the home base. The player who is to be "it" is chosen by drawing lots or preferably by some "counting-out" scheme like "Eny, meeny, miny, mo."

"It" covers his eyes and while he counts one hundred in the usual manner the other players run and hide, either singly or in groups of two or more as in hide and seek, but they must find their places of concealment within a limit or bound that has been agreed upon before the game begins. Having finished counting, "it" calls "All ready!" to notify the hiders that he is coming. He must then try to find those who are in hiding. When he sees one he first tries to make sure who it is, because the players may change hats or coats, or otherwise try to disguise themselves. They do not try to remain entirely hidden; in fact they try to attract attention by exposing hands or arms or, by peeping from behind trees or round corners, even their faces.

When "it" thinks that he recognizes a player he usually begins to move backwards towards home base, keeping his eyes on the player he sees until he feels certain that he is near enough to home base to get there first, when he calls out the name and adds a brief description of the place where he sees the player—for example "Billy Jones, behind the big elm"—and immediately runs to home base, on which he pats three times with his hand and calls "One-two-three for Billy Jones." The player whose hiding place "it" has described must immediately step into view. If it really is Billy Jones he should try to reach home base, if he thinks he has a chance, before "it" can get there and pat him out. If Billy can do it, he can free himself by seizing the broomstick guard and throwing it as far as he can, and while "it" runs to get

the guard and replace it Billy may hide again. If "it" gets to home base first and counts him out, Billy is caught and must remain there under guard by the broomstick until the required number of three are caught.

If when "it" calls "Billy Jones behind the big elm" the player so described steps into view and proves to be some other player, say Sam Brown, then both Billy Jones and Sam Brown are "free," but they must go to the home base and stay there until three are properly caught. The advantage of being mistaken for some one else is that neither you nor he will be required to serve as the next "it" unless the two of you are returned to hiding by the guard's being "off" as described below, when they may be caught in the regular manner. The first one caught of the required three is always the next "it."

Here comes the most pleasing addition to the old game of hide and seek. All those who have been caught or who are "free" must remain at home base under care of the broomstick guard until some other player, say Joe Scott, who has been hiding, makes a run for home base and gets there before the one who is "it" can get there. Joe grabs the broomstick, throws it as far as he can and calls "Guard off"; and then he and all those who have been under guard, including Billy Jones and Sam Brown, run and hide again before "it" can recover the guard and replace it.

WHO LOVES HIS COUNTRY

*Who loves his country will not rest
Content with vow and pledge alone,
But flies her banner in his breast
And counts her destiny his own—
Not only when the bugle plays
Stands forth to give his life for her,
But on the field of common days
Is strong to live his life for her.
He is not satisfied to claim
As heritage her power and fame,
But, striving, earns the right to wear
The shining honor of her name.*

A TRICK IN ADDITION

"DID you ever try adding before you know what all the numbers in your column are going to be?" asked Robert.

"Why, nobody can do that," said Gerald. "How could you tell what the answer would be?"

"Easily enough," said Robert. "Now we will write down five numbers. You write two of them first, and then I will write one, and then you may write the fourth, and I will write the last. And I will put down the sum of all the numbers, after you have put down the first two."

So Gerald put down the first two numbers here shown:

46785
35749
64250
34567
64532

Then Robert said, "Well, the answer this time will be 246783." Then he put down the third row of figures, Gerald wrote the fourth, and Robert wrote the last. Gerald hastened to add the numbers, and, sure enough, Robert's answer was the correct one.

"How did you do that?" asked Gerald.

"Don't you wish you could add that way?" said Robert teasingly.

"There is some trick about it," said Fannie. "Let me try it." So she wrote down the first two numbers given here:

483
999
516
472
527

"The answer to this problem will be 2997," announced Robert. Then he wrote the third number, Fannie wrote the fourth, and Robert the fifth. And adding the numbers gave the same total as Robert had given.

"I think I see how it's done now," cried Gerald.

"Well, I don't," said Fannie. "How is it, Robert?"

"Let me see if I can put down the answer when Fannie writes three of the numbers," said Gerald. And after two or three trials he did it as quickly and as accurately as Robert had done it.

As you can discover by carefully examining the problems, the trick is simple enough. In the first example notice that Robert got the result merely by placing a 2 in front of the first digit of Gerald's first number and by subtracting 2 from its last digit. Then in putting



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down the third number Robert used digits that, if added to the digits of the second number under which they were placed, would in each case make 9. Thus the sum of the second and the third number would be 99999. After Gerald had put down the fourth number Robert again used digits that, if added to the digits directly above them in the fourth number, would in each case make 9.

In the second example, Robert varied the method, to make it appear more difficult. He got the result by using the second number, and then he made the digits of the first and third numbers total 999. The fourth and fifth numbers he treated in the same way as he had treated the fourth and the fifth number of the first example.

In order to avoid the possibility of error when you first try this trick it is a good plan to make the rule that all the numbers of the column must have the same number of digits.

❖ ❖

Kboo

It is in the Boys' Page for December

❖ ❖

DISCOVERING THE CAUSES OF DEFECTS IN NEGATIVES AND PRINTS

Part Two

GENERAL fuzziness of the image is ordinarily caused by the lens's being out of focus.

A streaky blurring of the image results from movement of the camera while making a snapshot. If similar blurring appears in the image of a moving object, but stationary objects are sharply rendered, it shows that the speed of the shutter was not fast enough to stop motion in the image of the moving object.

Apparent exaggeration of the size of certain parts of the subject, as the hands and feet in a portrait, is caused by placing the camera too near the subject.

Such distortion as causes the vertical lines of a building to converge as they approach the top of the picture is caused by tilting the camera upward.

To get good prints from good negatives it is first necessary to employ a grade of printing paper suited to the particular negative in hand, since good negatives may vary considerably in printing quality.

Most amateurs use what is called developing, or "gaslight," papers. Every maker furnishes paper that gives prints of different degrees of contrast; so good prints can be made from either soft or snappy negatives. To determine the proper grade of paper required note first the amount of contrast in the negative to be printed. Don't judge by density alone. A thin, clean negative free of fog may actually possess a longer range of contrast than one that is dense and foggy. What is commonly known as the "normal" grade of paper is suitable for average negatives, whereas softer grades are intended for bright, "contrasty" negatives and the so-called "hard" grades for very flat negatives.

Once the right grade of paper has been selected, the matter of avoiding defects resolves itself into exposing the paper correctly, using fresh developer and fixer of the strength recommended by the maker of the paper and observing cleanliness at every stage of the operations, such, for example, as rinsing your hands after handling prints that are in the fixer, to prevent getting any trace of the fixer into the developer, and washing trays and measures after using them.

Muddy-looking prints result from overexposure of the paper or from using too warm a developer. The temperature of the developer should be between 60° and 70°F.

Pale, mealy prints may be produced by insufficient exposure or by using a cold developer, a developer that has become exhausted by use or one that is too dilute.

If unexposed portions of the print, such as margins protected by a printing mask, look gray, the trouble can generally be corrected by adding a few drops of a ten-per-cent solution of potassium bromide to the developer. If that does not accomplish the result, you must lay the paper in too strong a light before and after printing.

Yellowing of the whites when prints are made upon white paper stock is caused by forcing development of an underdeveloped print or by employing a very weak, old developer. The image of a correctly exposed print will develop up steadily until the right strength is reached, when the action of the developer will appear to stop. Then is the time to remove the print and transfer, after a quick rinse, to the fixer.

Irregular-shaped stains on a finished print are most commonly caused by the print's not having been kept submerged during the entire period of fixation or by another print sticking to its face for a part of the time. Prints should be fixed face down and separated at frequent intervals to insure thorough fixation.

Yellowing and fading of old prints are nearly always the result of insufficient fixing and washing.



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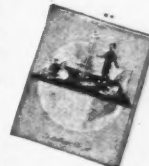
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The GIRLS' PAGE

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CHRISTMAS GIFTS FROM THE GIRL



HE girl herself can make gifts for every member of the family. All are pretty, some are useful, and none need have that "home-made appearance."

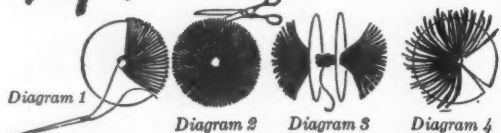
A WOOLEN KITTEN

The kitten shown in Fig. 1 is made of white, gray or black woolen yarn. To make the body cut two disks of cardboard one and three quarter inches in diameter and make a small hole in the centre of each. Bind the disks together with overcast stitches of the wool, set very close. (Diag. 1.)

When the circumference of the card is covered, slip the scissors between the disks and cut all the threads at the outside edge. (Diag. 2.) Draw a thread between the disks, wind it

several times tight round the wool threads, fasten it off and cut the thread ends even with the cardboard edge. (Diag. 3.) The disks are separated in the diagram, to show the process.

Next make a snip



in each disk toward the centre of the ball and pull the cardboard out. (Diag. 4.) You have now a round wool ball, which is the body of the kitten. Make a ball for the head over two half-inch disks. Flatten two opposite sides of it a little by clipping. Spread glue on one of the flattened sides and on one part of the body ball; press the two glued surfaces together. An elastic band will hold the two parts firmly until the glue dries.

For a tail cut a toothpick one and a half inches long and glue a strip of black woolly cloth to it, so that the edges of the material just meet. Make the legs of match sticks each an inch long and cover them in the same way. When the tail and legs are dry, dip an end of each in the glue, part the wool and press each leg a quarter of an inch in toward the centre of the body. Fluff the wool to hide the glued end.

Use beads for eyes and paint the nose and mouth with artists' white paint taken straight from the tube. For whiskers, cut a wisp from a broom into three pieces, each one and a half inches long. Glue them to the face and add triangular pieces of black paper for ears. Tie a bow of ribbon round the neck. Then the kitten is ready for some child's stocking.

SLIPPERS

The slippers shown in Fig. 2 require fleece-lined slipper soles and an ordinary slipper pattern. For the outside of a man's or a boy's slippers use dark brown satin or velvet, bind the edges with brown silk cord and make the lining of brown saten. You can make a simpler unlined pair of felt with a narrow binding of satin. A girl's slippers can be made of blue or rose satin and trimmed with pompons or an edging of marabou, or with ribbon flower sprays. Directions for making flowers of ribbon, organdie and silk have been printed on the Girls' Page, and the editor will send the instructions on request.

BEAD PURSES

Bead purses can be made over cross-stitch canvas or voile. (Fig. 3.) The canvas has a wide, even mesh over which you can easily sew the beads, but you will have to trace the design on the material. If you use voile, however, choose one that has a suitable design already printed on it. Baste the material over a piece of silk and paste a piece of paper under the silk to hold it flat. The paper is torn away when the beading is finished. Use an embroidery hoop, if possible.

Cover the surface with beads but make those of the pattern a different color from those of the background. Sew the beads on one at a time, working across the canvas from left to right and fastening each bead with a diagonal stitch over the thread of the canvas.

Such purses are generally imported from France and are of many designs and colors. They are popular in a size two and a half inches wide and three and a half inches long. Cut a strip of canvas six and a half inches long

and three and a half inches wide. For the flap cut one end in a point one and a half inches deep and in this point work a buttonhole. When a row of beads reaches the buttonhole, knot and begin beading again on the opposite side of it.

When the beading is done trim the foundation cloth to a quarter of an inch at all the edges; then turn that width in, fold the purse and sew the sides together. Line the purse either with white kid taken from an old, clean glove or with heavy satin or ribbed silk. A pearl bead or button completes the purse.

To make a more elaborate gift make one of the little purses and also a larger pocketbook of the envelope pattern ornamented with the bead design done either in outline or solid. A handsome set is one in which the pocketbook is made of a bronze-brown corded silk with lavender satin for a lining, and for the beaded decoration a bouquet of violets. A brown silk cord and a bronze bead tassel give the finishing touches.

For the large purse cut two pieces of cardboard each three and a half inches wide and five inches long. Cover one side of each piece with a thin layer of cotton wadding and then cover each piece completely with cheesecloth.

Cut a piece of the bronze corded silk nine inches long and five and a half inches wide. If the purse is to be embroidered, place the silk in an embroidery frame and draw a design on it to match the little purse. Bead it either solidly or in outline. Then remove it from the frame and tack the pieces of covered cardboard at each end of the strip a quarter of an inch in from the edges.

Cut a piece of lining the same size and shape as the brown piece and sew two pockets of the same material on it, each with a small flap, a buttonhole and a little ball button. Place the lining into position on the pocketbook, turn in the edges and either slip-stitch or machine stitch the outer cover and the lining edges together. Run the silk cord through the top of the pocketbook and tack it into position at either edge. Join the ends together and finish it off with a bead or a silk tassel.

PARTY FROCK

The party dress shown in Fig. 4 will delight the heart of any little girl. Use a pattern that has a straight gathered skirt and a kimono sleeve, but leave the finishing of the neck opening and sleeve ends until the last.

Make a straight fold along the shoulder line and the upper side of the sleeves and cut along it. Roll or hem all the edges—the neckline, the shoulder and sleeve line and the end of the sleeves.

Next make ribbon disks, using ribbon one inch wide. To make one cut a strip of ribbon eight inches long and gather one long side close to the edge of the ribbon; draw the thread tight and fasten it off. Sew the short ends of the ribbon together. Make enough of the disks to run from the sleeve end to the neckline and to trim the waistline. Sew them to the dress and to one another. (Diag. 1.) Run ribbon through those at the waistline.

LAMP SHADE

An organdie lamp shade made with a lining of ivory taffeta and with a covering of delicate lavender is shown in Fig. 5. It is trimmed with narrow bias folds of lavender and pale green.

Buy a suitable wire frame and cover the wires with silk binding tape to match the lining or with inch-wide strips of lining silk with the raw edges folded in. Wrap the wires tight, for it is to this foundation that you sew. Begin to bind at a joint, then bind tight along the wire to the next joint, wrap the tape several times in crisscross formation round the joint and continue binding. When joining or ending the tape sew the ends securely.

Next put on the ivory

taffeta foundation. Lay a piece of taffeta that is large enough to extend well down over the edges on the outside of the frame, placing the centre of the material over the centre of the opening at the top of the frame. Fit it smoothly, fastening it with pins an eighth of an inch apart all round the top wire. Then overcast the pinned edge, binding it to the wire, and remove the pins as the work proceeds.

Cut out the centre of the taffeta at the top of the frame and then snip at intervals toward the wire. (Diag. 1.) Next turn the material that is snipped over the wire, whip it into place and trim off the surplus edge. Pin the taffeta round the bottom edge of the frame, keeping the straight of the material in the exact middle between the side wires. Work the bias part toward the side wires and for the time being allow it to pucker there. Pin the taffeta smoothly along the lower edge of the frame and whip it into place, removing the pins as you sew. When that is done and the top and bottom edges are secure begin on the side wires. Where the bias material meets at the side wires overcast one side to the wire and then the other side; trim off all excess material. Next open the seam and overcast each edge flat on the taffeta. Then turn up the lower edge of the material that hangs below the bottom wire and again overcast it on the upper side of the wire. Trim all surplus material off close to the sewing.

You are ready now to cover the lamp shade with the lavender organdie. Cut strips of organdie several inches wider than the frame; you may need more than one, since the material is to be gathered. Pin the first strip to the top wire of the frame and then pin the lower edge, drawing the material tight and fulling it as much as you wish. Whip the edges into place. Then turn the material back over the edge of the frame, fold in the edge and sew it into place with fine stitches. When you use a new strip of organdie do not seam it to the old, but merely lay it over neatly.

For trimming make bias folds of green and lavender organdie and sew several rows of each near the upper and the lower edge of the frame. The stitches that hold the folds in place can, if necessary, be covered with a narrow fold finished with flat tailored bows.



Fig. 5

Diagram 1

WATER-LILY PENWIPER

The water-lily penwiper shown in Fig. 6 is a novelty that will please anyone. From white felt cut the upper and smaller side of the water-lily. It has seven petals and is two and three quarter inches long and one and a half inches wide from the tip of the centre petal to the outer edge of the felt piece. Cut the lower piece with ten petals three and a quarter inches long and two inches deep with the same curve at the lower edge. Cut three pieces of white flannel identical in shape and size with the lower piece of white felt. Then cut from green felt a piece two inches long with four petals each half an inch deep. Cut the lower edge to match the curve of the white felt piece.

Put the penwiper together, the tiny green felt piece on top, then the smaller of the two white felt pieces, then the larger one and under that the three flannel pieces. Overcast along the lower curved edge of all the pieces with yellow or green embroidery silk, taking care that they coincide. Then embroider the centre of the lily on the large white felt piece with French knots of yellow silk. Embroider four green veins on the green felt piece and place green French knots between them.

SPIDER-WEB BLOTTER

For the blotter shown in Fig. 7 cut four pieces of blotting paper and a piece of green felt or flannel in the shape of a water-lily leaf about five inches in diameter. Embroider with silver-gray embroidery silk a simple cobweb on the leaf. In

the centre of the web sew a spider. For the body use a red wooden button. Sew over it in three directions with heavy black silk. For the head use a small, shiny, black bead, and embroider legs of black silk. Attach the pieces of blotting paper to each other and to the felt with glue or ribbon.

BILL FOLD AND COIN PURSE

A bill fold for a man such as is shown in Fig. 8 is made either of dull black pebbled oilcloth or of patent leather and is lined with black rep silk or black moire. It is eight and a half inches long and four inches wide. Cut a strip of oilcloth eight and three quarter inches long and four and a quarter inches wide. Turn the edges in a quarter inch and machine stitch round the edge. Cut a strip of silk the same size for lining and on each end sew a pocket three and a half inches deep. Over them sew a pocket two inches deep. Next sew three sides of the lining to the piece of oilcloth, leaving the fourth—the long side—open. Bills can be laid flat in the biggest pocket, and the smaller pockets can be used for other papers. Fold the whole in the middle and press it with a weight until it is perfectly flat.



Fig. 7

An unusually attractive card case and change purse can be made of the same materials. It should measure six by four inches in size when folded. Cover one side of

a piece of thin crinoline twelve and a quarter by eight and a quarter inches in size with a piece of black oilcloth. Lap and turn in the edge of the oilcloth and tack it to the crinoline. Cut a piece of deep blue moire silk for the lining and on it sew two pockets, the larger of which should measure four and a half by five inches. Make it with a flap and buttonhole and a flat pearl button and sew it on three sides to the lining of the card case. Then make the smaller pocket measuring two and a half by three and a half inches and supply it also with a flap and button. Find a mirror or memorandum pad to occupy the space beside it. Glue the mirror or pad into place and fold the whole in the middle. Embroider the oilcloth with a spray of wool flowers, finish the lining and add a Chinese tassel and cords.



Fig. 8

A STAR PARTY

EVERYONE who cherishes the spirit of Christmas and who enjoys a party will find something pleasing in a Christmas star party.

Send star-shaped invitations written in red ink on green cardboard or in white ink on red cardboard. In the centre of the star paste a Christmas seal and on the back write a verse, such as the following:

Star light, star bright,
May you find a star the night
I bid you to my party gay.
Come prepared some part to play—
To praise the star that hung alight
Over the Christ that holy night.

A pretty way to distribute the invitations is to suspend them from ribbons and hang them on the doors of the houses that you visit.

Decorate the house where the party is to be held with greens and quantities of five-pointed stars cut from green or red cardboard. Fasten a heavy cardboard star to a bare wall, cover it with evergreens and outline the edge with silver tinsel. Fasten an electric bulb in the centre or put a small bulb at each point. If it is not practical to use electric lights, use red candles, set securely in holders.

As the guests arrive pin on the back of each a slip of paper on which is written the name of a star, a planet or a comet. As the guest moves about and engages in conversation, she must guess by what is said about her what star she represents.

Have ready in a basket little stockings cut from colored paper and sewed together with bright yarn. Write the name of a guest on each. Have each player draw a

stocking from the basket and then from a sheet of paper cut pictures of the things he should like to give the person whose name is on the stocking. Allow five or ten minutes for that, then have the stockings returned to their owners. In turn each will draw out his "gifts" and try to name the articles correctly.

Write yes or no on slips of paper and place them either in a dish or in a basket. Have each guest in turn wish for something she wants for a Christmas present, and then close her eyes and draw a card. This is a simple game, but it produces much fun.

Hide many tiny stars in different parts of

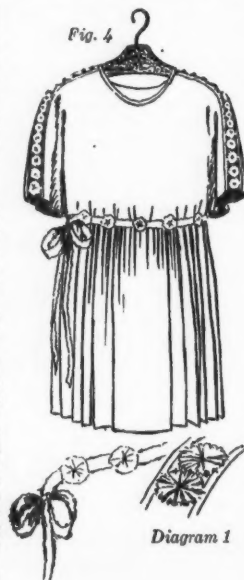


Diagram 1



Fig. 6

the house. Let them be of one color and unlike those used in the decorations. Have them numbered from one to ten. When the number of the stars found by each player are added the one who has the highest total is the winner. Then arrange two lines, one of girls and one of boys, according to the number of stars found, from the highest down, and let them proceed in couples to the dining room.

The chandelier is trimmed with holly, and a huge star of wire fitted round it and covered with crepe paper will cast a rosy glow over the scene. From the star hang a red Christmas bell from the rim of which depend silver stars made of tinfoil. Stretch strands of evergreen from the chandelier to the four corners of the room and make a centerpiece for the table of ground pine or other greens. Outline a star in the centre and have strands of tinsel leading from it to each plate. Fasten each strand to the cloth with a gold or silver star that shall serve as a place card.

The centerpiece can be made of white or red crepe paper with an apple in which a white candle is placed at each corner. For the centre plan a little scene—for example, a mountain of cotton with tinsel snow and old Santa Claus approaching with his miniature sleigh and reindeer and pack of toys. A mirror laid in the middle represents a frozen lake.

Place the chairs round the walls and serve a buffet supper. Use star-shaped napkins cut from red crepe paper. Serve sandwiches of pressed chicken or turkey with a thin layer of cranberry sauce, French fried potatoes and pickled beets—all cut in star-shape. Peel oranges half-way back, remove the pulp and fill the cases with fruit salad. Lemon ice with maraschino cherries can be served in the orange shell, and cake should be served with it.

While the boys and girls linger over the delicacies small girls hidden in another room or under an open window sing Christmas carols.

When the company return to the parlor they find small star-shaped packages suspended in the doorway for the game "Do you see stars?" One of the number is blindfolded, handed a pair of shears, started toward the packages and asked "Do you see stars?" Her wild clips will cause much merriment, but as soon as she succeeds in cutting down a star it is her property and another guest takes a turn. Each star holds some small favor.

A charming ending for the evening fun is a short impromptu programme or the appearance of a jolly Santa Claus or a fortune teller who reads a happy fortune for each guest in the star nearest to her.



A SPORTS NET

ANY girl who can crochet can make the combination hair net, eye shade and bandeau here shown. It offers a maximum of neatness and comfort for sports wear. The band and net are made of knitting silk in simple crochet and can be worn without the shade, which when it is needed fastens on under the band with small snap fasteners. Bandeau and net, made in pastel shades of silk or of the opalescent silk, are suitable for evening wear. A beaded bandeau with loosely crocheted net is very pretty and is useful in keeping the hair in place and out of the eyes.

The sports net shown has a band eleven stitches wide of alternate rows of star stitch and double crochet. The band can be made all of double crochet or, if a firmer band is wanted, of single crochet. For a medium-sized head it should be twenty-one inches long, and should be finished at the bottom with one row of single crochet after it is joined. The net is crocheted to the top. It has thirty-six loops of nine chains each for the first round. The second and third rounds are similar; join each loop to the centre of the loop of the preceding row with a single crochet. The next rows have 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2 chain loops, a diminution that draws the net in. Then come two rows of one chain with one single crochet between them; then a row of double crochet into each chain with no chain between. From that point on the double crochet is continued in every other stitch of previous row, until there are four double crochets remaining, when the thread is pulled through them, fastened off and cut.

The shade is of medium stiff cardboard covered with silk, sewed to fit on the wrong

The Sports Net



The Visor

In Combination

side and then turned. About three quarters of an inch of the silk should be left when cutting out the top of the shade, and turned in and seamed. Seven small black snaps are sewed at regular intervals to the outside of the shade, and corresponding snaps are sewed at the same intervals to the inside band of the net. The outer edge of the shade is finished with a row of buttonhole stitch done with a needle and silk.



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The FAMILY PAGE

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THE SEARCH FOR THE KING

HIS pantomime was originally produced at Christmas in the auditorium of a New York City church. On a platform about twenty feet square the entire action of the pantomime took place while the story as given below was read from the lectern. The characters were young people, and, as there were no lines to be learned, only three rehearsals were needed. The children acted out the story as it was read with extraordinary effectiveness, though none of them had been specially trained in pantomimic work. Some of the costumes were obtained from the missionary boards; the rest were easily made. There was no scenery of any kind, and the "properties" were of the simplest sort. No curtain was necessary since the organ introduction to each scene made the breaks between the scenes distinct enough. The performance lasted about thirty minutes and seemed to provide something new in the way of church festivals at Christmas.

CHARACTERS

NATHANAEL, a shepherd of Bethlehem
BENJAMIN, another shepherd
Three Wise Men from the East
JOHN THE BAPTIST
Two Roman soldiers
CLEOPAS, an early Christian
Five other disciples—two women and three men

SCENES

SCENE 1. A hilltop near Bethlehem. The first Christmas Eve.
SCENE 2. Near the River Jordan. Thirty years later.
SCENE 3. A gate of Jerusalem. Three years later.
SCENE 4. The home of a disciple. The following Christmas Eve.

SCENE 1. A hilltop near Bethlehem. The first Christmas Eve.

(1) It was the first Christmas Eve, more than nineteen hundred years ago. In the village of Bethlehem everyone except the innkeeper was asleep, but there was still a light in his house. So many strangers had come during the day that he had been kept busy trying to find places where they could sleep. Some he had sent to the houses of his friends; others he had told to hurry on to the next village; and to one stranger—a man named Joseph who came from Nazareth—he had given permission to sleep in the stable that belonged to the inn. On the hills outside the city a few shepherds were guarding their sheep, but they too seemed weary with the day's toil. (2) There was only one person in all Bethlehem who was wide awake that first Christmas Eve. He was Nathanael, a shepherd, who was walking to and fro beside his flock, evidently in serious thought. (3) Finally he went over to his friend Benjamin, who lay fast asleep, and, kneeling beside him, spoke gently in his ear. (4) Slowly Benjamin awoke and, rubbing his eyes, sat upright. "What is it?" he asked.

(5) Nathanael rose to his feet and answered eagerly. "It must be that the king will be born in Bethlehem. Today I heard the rabbi read from the book of Micah the prophet: 'And thou, Bethlehem, in the land of Judah, art not the least among the princes of Judah; (6) for out of thee shall come a governor that shall rule my people Israel! (7) Can it be that the king who is to free Israel is even now in Bethlehem?'"

(8) Benjamin rose and pointed to the south. "There in Jerusalem the priests have been waiting eagerly. 'It must be that the king will be born in Bethlehem,' and now the Roman power has grown so strong that our nation can never be free. 'Tis a false hope—this looking for a king. Better far to stay here with our sheep and hope that Herod will let us live and die in peace."

(10) Nathanael turned away sadly, and Benjamin, seeing his disappointment, took him gently by the arm. "Thou art not the first to feel our nation's need. (11) Long years we have waited in darkness and in the shadow of death, but no light has shone upon us. (12) Go back and guard thy sheep and think no longer of the promised king." (13) Benjamin lay down once more and wrapped himself in his mantle; Nathanael walked slowly away.

(14) But in the east a strange light began to glow across the sky. Clearer than any star and brighter than the moon, it filled the heavens with its radiance. (15) Nathanael stopped in wonder and then turned suddenly back. "Benjamin!" he cried and pointed to the east. In a moment the two men were looking eagerly into the sky. (16) So intent was their gaze that they failed to notice three strangers on

the hilltop behind them. The leader of the Wise Men spoke hurriedly. "Where is He that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen his star in the east and are come to worship Him." (17) Nathanael turned to them eagerly. "King of the Jews?" he cried. "Yes—and we are bringing Him gifts. (18) Here is gold, (19) and here frankincense, (20) and here myrrh. (21) Is not this the City of David where the Savior is to arise, and are not the times of the Gentiles fulfilled?"

(22) Even as the Wise Man spoke the light in the sky grew brighter and brighter. The five figures on the hilltop drew close together in awe before that strange sight. And then from some far-off spot came sounds of music. Soft at first, the music rose and fell and faded as if an angel choir were singing in the sky above the distant village. (23) As the last notes faded away a great voice seemed to speak in tones of fullest joy and praise. (24) "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the City of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord."

(25) And suddenly there seemed to be a multitude of angels, for the whole hilltop glowed with light, and the strong voice reechoed in majestic splendor. As the song died away (26) Nathanael turned in triumph to his friends. "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for He hath visited and redeemed His people!" (27) And, pointing to Bethlehem, he cried: "Come, let us find the king!"

SCENE 2. Near the River Jordan. Thirty Years later.

Thirty years had gone by, and the nation was still looking for a king. Those who lived so far away from Bethlehem as the villages around Jordan had never heard of the star or the Wise Men or of the angels' song. With the passing of the years even the men and women of Bethlehem had forgotten them, especially when Joseph and Mary journeyed to the north and were never seen again. Just at this time everyone was talking about a strange prophet who had appeared in the desert near the Jordan River. His name was John, and he had attracted such crowds from all parts of Judea and even from Galilee that many people thought he must be the promised king.

(1) On this particular day a great throng had gathered in the desert to hear John preach. There were strangers who seemed to have come from some country far to the east; there were Roman soldiers in bright uniforms; there were Jewish women in long robes; and there was even a shepherd who carried a crook with him. (2) They talked busily till suddenly the shepherd pointed toward the river. "Here comes the prophet!" he cried. (3) As John drew near, the crowd stepped back as if in dread of him. Raising his arm impulsively, he exclaimed: "Who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come? Bring forth fruits worthy of repentance!"

(4) There was silence for a moment as the soldiers and the women whispered to one another. (5) Then one of the foreigners stepped forward. "What, then, shall we do?" he asked. (6) John pointed to the rich robe he was wearing. "He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none." (7) Then one of the soldiers spoke. "And we, what shall we do?" (8) John pointed to his sword and spear. "Do violence to no man, and be content with your wages," he replied.

(9) John turned to go back to the Jordan, and as the shepherd went to speak with him two women stepped forward. (10) "Can John be the promised king?" one asked. (11) The other shook her head sadly. "I fear not," she replied. "The king will be a son of David, and he will sit upon the throne of his father. But this man—who is he? Only a prophet, a voice crying in the wilderness."

(12) As she spoke a stranger drew near and listened to her words. It was Nathanael, who like the others had come out to hear John. Touching the woman on the arm, he spoke. "No, John is not the king. Our king is here already, but we know him not. (13) Thirty years ago our king was born in Bethlehem. I was then a shepherd, and on that night we heard the song of angels (14) and a voice from Heaven saying that the Christ was born." (15) One of the soldiers laughed scornfully. "Where is this king of thine today?" (16) "I do not know," Nathanael answered. "His parents left Bethlehem soon after he was born, and from that day I have not seen him. (17) Some say that he went down into Egypt; (18) others that he is in the north." (19) He turned toward John. "Let us ask the prophet whether he has seen the king."

"What seekest thou?" asked John as Nathanael



drew near. Nathanael answered slowly. (20) "Art thou, as many say, the promised king, or look we for another?" John pointed reverently to the sky. "I indeed baptize you with water, but one mightier than I cometh the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to unloose. He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire."

(21) "Hast thou seen this promised king?" Nathanael asked.

John answered half in uncertainty and half in hope. "I have seen a young Galilean by the name of Jesus. He came to be baptized of me, and as we came up out of the water I seemed to hear a voice from heaven—'This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased! Where this Jesus went I know not. (22) Some say that He departed into the wilderness; others that He returned to his home in Galilee to seek the king. (23) Wilt thou come with me?" (24) But the shepherd turned away. "I cannot leave my sheep," he said.

Nathanael watched him as he walked slowly toward the Jordan; then he turned to the women. "Will ye come—to seek the king—(25) in Galilee?" They hesitated, and then one spoke. "We do not know that he is there. (26) What if the journey should be all in vain?" And they too walked away. (27) Nathanael stood silent for a little while and then went quickly to John. "I go alone to find the king. (28) Farewell." Wrapping his mantle about him, he walked hurriedly toward the Jordan.

SCENE 3. A Gate of Jerusalem. Three years later.

Three years had gone by since John was preaching near the Jordan. The few people who believed he was the promised king had given up hope when Herod put him into prison. There seemed to be no sign that God had sent a Savior to his people, for Pilate, the Roman governor, was more powerful than ever in Jerusalem.

But all this time Nathanael had continued his search. He had wandered to and fro in Galilee and found many leaders who pretended to be the king. He had heard of one man especially—Jesus of Nazareth—who was a preacher even greater than John the Baptist. For a time Nathanael thought Jesus might be the Savior, but then he found that Jesus had fled away when they tried to make him king, and that he was hiding outside Herod's territory. That made Nathanael give up hope, and he was journeying back to Jerusalem on the way to his old home in Bethlehem.

On the day when Nathanael reached Jerusalem there was a strange excitement near one of the city gates. (1) Two men were hurrying along the road talking earnestly to each other. They seemed to be disciples of some new teacher, and they were speaking of the colt on which their master was to ride into Jerusalem. Suddenly one of the men stopped. (2) "But we have no money to buy the colt," he said. "What can we do without gold?" The other answered quickly. "The Master told me, 'If any man say aught unto you, ye shall say, the Lord hath need of thy colt,' and straightway the owner will give him to you." (3) For this is to fulfill the word of Zechariah the prophet, "Tell ye the daughter of Zion, Behold, thy king cometh unto thee, meek and sitting upon an ass, and a colt the foal of an ass!"

(4) As the disciples hurried away a throng of men and women coming out of Jerusalem met them. (5) There were women with palm branches in their hands, a disciple like those who had just gone and

soldiers who were watching the crowd with great interest. (6) As they reached the gate Nathanael met them on his way home from his long search. He looked at the strange company for a moment and then drew the disciple aside. "What mean these branches and these words of welcome?" he asked. (7) The disciple pointed beyond the gate. "Hast thou not heard? Jesus of Nazareth draws near Jerusalem, and a great throng goes out to meet him. He is the son of David—the promised King of Israel. (8) Hark! There is the song of welcome!"

(9) As the music died away Nathanael turned back toward the city, uncertain what to think. Could this Jesus be the promised king after all? (10) Somewhere in the distance he seemed to hear an echo of the song he had heard that first Christmas Eve. (11) But Nathanael shook his head slowly. Jesus had fled away when they tried to make him king; surely he could not be the promised Savior. How could such a man save the nation from Rome? (12) Still the strange music seemed to echo in his ears, and as if in pleading the song grew clear and full. Nathanael raised his hands eagerly. "He must be the king!" he exclaimed and started to follow after Jesus.

(13) But at that moment two soldiers came back laughing. (14) One struck his spear heavily on the ground. "That man Jesus a king!" he cried scornfully. "Why, I myself heard him say: 'He that is greatest among you shall be your servant.' That is, their king—a servant. 'Tis much Rome has to fear from such a king!" (15) And the soldiers walked away still laughing.

(16) Nathanael hesitated. The music had seemed to grow fainter while the soldiers were speaking, and now it died away. Slowly Nathanael turned to follow the soldiers, saying to himself: "They were right. A servant can never be the king."

SCENE 4. The home of a disciple. The following Christmas Eve.

It was the first Christmas Eve after the crucifixion. (1) In Bethlehem a little group of five Christians had gathered in the home of a disciple to eat together. (2) As they finished their prayer the leader rose in his place and spoke quietly.

"As we eat our bread in true fellowship we cannot but think of Christ's fellowship with those who journeyed with Him. On the night He was betrayed He gathered with them as we have gathered here and broke bread. (3) And He gave to them the cup, saying, 'This do in remembrance of me. For as often as ye eat this bread and drink this cup ye do shew forth my death—till I come.'"

(4) There was a moment's silence, and (5) then one of the men leaned forward and spoke eagerly. "Till I come! And when will He come? Must we wait long, or may it be tonight?"

The leader spoke quickly in reply. "We have not long to wait. It may be tonight, or it may be at cockcrow tomorrow, (6) but soon He will come again to save his people. And then the song the angels sang at his birth will sound once more across the hills of Bethlehem." (7) Then one of the women spoke. "Today I heard a strange story. Cleopas, our brother who was here when Christ was born, told me that he still hears echoes of the angels' song. (8) Whenever he gives a cup of cold water in the Master's name the music seems to tremble from the sky. And when he does some special deed of sacrifice the whole world echoes to its sound. Perhaps we too may hear that music ere the Christ returns."

(9) As the woman finished speaking the leader rose in his place. Taking a parchment from the table and unrolling it, he began to read. "And there were shepherds in the same country abiding in the field and keeping watch by night over their flock. (10) And an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them."

(11) At that moment there was a cry outside the door. "Open to me! 'Tis I! Cleopas! Open, open!" The disciple hurried to the door, and Cleopas entered, bringing with him a senseless figure. He spoke in great haste. "Tis Nathanael the shepherd. He left Bethlehem full many years ago to find the king. Robbers have wounded him and left him half dead. Give help for the sake of Christ!"

(12) The disciples knelt beside the shepherd and bound up his wounds. (13) Slowly he revived, and they helped him to his feet. "Who are ye?" he asked. "I know ye not, and yet ye seem my friends. Why do ye minister to me?" (14) "We are the followers of Jesus of Nazareth," Cleopas replied. "He came to be the servant of all, and in his name we minister to those in need."

(15) Nathanael seized him eagerly by the hand. "Jesus of Nazareth!" he exclaimed. "I sought him many years, thinking He might be the promised King of Israel. But He was no warrior, and all in vain I listened for the song—"

(16) "Hark!" cried one of the women turning to the door.

"This Jesus—the servant—is he the promised king?" Nathanael asked.

(17) "Ah, yes," Cleopas replied. "A king far greater than a Roman prince; for all who love and serve will follow Him; and as they give their lives they hear once more the song the angels sang." (18)

STAGE DIRECTIONS

L. and R. mean respectively the left and the right of the stage as the audience sees it.
The numbers in the text refer to the directions for the action that accompanies the reading. The reader must pause, when it is necessary, to give time for the action.

Scene 1. A hilltop near Bethlehem. The first Christmas Eve.

The stage is entirely bare. The lights in the auditorium should be as dim as possible. As soon as the person who is to read the pantomime is in his place the music that accompanies the pantomime should begin. Any soft music is suitable, but just before the reading the music should melt into O Little Town of Bethlehem. At the close of the hymn the reading begins.

1. Benjamin enters slowly at rear R. He almost pauses after every two or three steps. He goes across the stage and stands there a moment looking wearily about. He sits down, lays his crook beside him and takes off his shepherd's wallet and places it on the ground. Wrapping his cloak around him, he lies down with his head on his wallet.

2. Nathanael enters at L., in deep thought. In his left hand he carries a crook. His right hand is clasped on his breast. His head is bowed. He crosses the stage.

3. He turns and comes forward to Benjamin. He drops on one knee and, placing one hand gently on Benjamin's shoulder, leans down as if speaking to him.

4. Benjamin awakens and sits up. He passes the back of his hand slowly across his eyes and looks at Nathanael.

5. Nathanael rises and holds out his right hand.

6. Nathanael raises his hand and points aloft.

7. Nathanael steps slowly backward to the centre of the stage and, raising both hands, looks upward.

8. Benjamin rises and points out over the audience.

9. Benjamin's hand comes down slowly, and he shakes his head sadly. Nathanael bows his head and lowers his arms. The music begins again softly.

10. Nathanael turns and walks away slowly toward R. Benjamin follows. He places his hand on Nathanael's arm. Nathanael stops and turns round.

11. Benjamin places both hands on Nathanael's shoulders.

12. Benjamin points with his right hand off stage L. and, still keeping his left hand on Nathanael's shoulder, leads him back across the stage toward L.

13. They separate. Benjamin wraps his mantle about him and lies down; Nathanael walks to the back of the stage.

14. With bowed head Nathanael turns and starts to leave the stage at L. Some lights at the extreme R. should be turned on as if the star were shining there; the rest of the auditorium should be left dark as before. As the light comes on the music changes to Brightest and Best of the Sons of the Morning.

15. Nathanael stops and turns. He looks at the radiant light and then hurries to Benjamin with outstretched hand, first pointing to Benjamin and then as Benjamin rises up pointing to the light. Benjamin quickly picks up his wallet and staff.

16. Stretching out their arms toward the light, they walk slowly across the stage toward R., but pause as the Three Wise Men, each with his box of treasure, enter at L. Music: We Three Kings of Orient Are. The leader of the Wise Men goes to the centre of the stage. His companions stop at the left of centre.

17. Nathanael and Benjamin both turn. Nathanael takes one step toward the Wise Men.

18. The leader holds out his box.

19. The leader points to the second Wise Man, who holds out his box.

20. The leader points to the third Wise Man, who holds out his box.

21. The leader takes a step toward Nathanael.

22. The light at the R. is brought on full, but the rest of the auditorium remains dark. Nathanael and Benjamin turn toward T. The Wise Men draw close to them. Their faces are all upturned. A children's choir hidden at R. sings Holy Night, Peaceful Night. If no choir is available, the hymn may be played on the organ or sung by a few voices. The singers one by one place one hand upon their breasts.

23. They separate a little.

24. They raise one hand on high, and, placing either their boxes or their crooks on the stage, they kneel. They fold both hands on their breasts and bow their heads.

25. The lights are turned on in all parts of the auditorium, and the hymn is repeated *forte*. The faces of the actors are upturned during the hymn, and at the end of the song their hands are raised aloft.

26. Nathanael rises while the rest still kneel and stands among them.

27. Nathanael points R. They all rise. Nathanael leads the way off stage at R. Benjamin and the leader of the Wise Men follow him, and the two other Wise Men go last. Full organ on O Come, All Ye Faithful. By the time the hymn has been played once the children should be ready for the second scene.

Scene 2. Near the River Jordan. Thirty years later. The stage should be bare. The lights in the rear of the auditorium should be down, those near the stage up. That arrangement continues through the rest of the pantomime. In this scene the Wise Men appear as foreigners, a change made by their putting on different robes. After the final music of Scene 1 there is silence, and then the reading of Scene 2 begins.

1. Three foreigners enter at R. and cross to left of centre. The Roman soldiers enter at L. The Jewish women enter at L., following the Roman soldiers.

2. Benjamin, carrying his crook, enters at R. They all meet a little left of centre. The women face the audience. The soldiers are to the right and the foreigners to the left of the women. Benjamin stands in front of the women with his back to the audience.

3. They seem to talk and make quick, excited gestures. Benjamin turns suddenly and points R. with his left hand.

4. John enters at R. The members of the group step back and face John. Benjamin stands somewhat in front of the others; John raises his right arm and points at them. He holds the position for a moment.

5. The first foreigner, holding out his hands, takes three steps forward toward John.

6. John points to the robe.

7. The first foreigner steps backward toward the rear of the stage, and the other foreigners join him, and the first soldier takes two steps toward John.

8. John points to the soldier's sword.

9. The soldier and his comrades go to extreme L. John turns and goes R. Benjamin follows him and, placing his hand on John's arm, stops him. John turns and stands at extreme R. talking to Benjamin. The two women advance to the centre of the stage. The three foreigners form a group at the rear right.

10. The first woman points to John.

11. The second woman shakes her head, holds out both hands and then lets her arms fall disconsolately.

12. Nathanael enters at L., goes to the second woman and places his hand on her arm. She turns to him.

13. The soldiers join Nathanael and the women at the centre.

14. Nathanael raises his arms and looks upward.

15. The First Soldier folds his arms and shrugs his shoulders.

16. Nathanael shakes his head.

17. Nathanael points toward the audience.

18. Nathanael points to the rear.

19. Nathanael turns toward John. As he turns John and Benjamin advance, and Nathanael goes to meet them at the R. front while the soldiers and the women drop back at L.

20. Nathanael holds out both hands to John. John points on high.

21. Softly on the organ a suggestion of Holy Night, Peaceful Night.

22. John makes a sweeping gesture.

23. John holds out his right hand to Benjamin.

24. Benjamin leaves the stage at R. Nathanael watches him and then, holding out his left hand, crosses to the women and soldiers at L.

25. Nathanael points R.

26. The woman shakes her head. The women leave the stage at L., followed by the soldiers and the foreigners.

27. Nathanael watches them and when they are gone goes back to John at R.

28. He raises his right hand, then wraps his mantle about him and goes out at R., followed by John with his hand raised as if in blessing. The organ grows louder in Holy Night, Peaceful Night. By the time the stanza is finished Scene 3 should be ready.

Scene 3. A Gate of Jerusalem. Three years later. The stage is bare. The lights in the auditorium near the stage should be up, those in the rear down. After the end of the final music of Scene 2 there is a moment's silence, then the organ plays When, His Salvation Bringing, to Zion Jesus Came.

1. Enter two disciples at R. As they reach the centre of the stage one of them stops. The other stops and turns to him.

2. The first disciple holds out his empty hands.

3. The second disciple points aloft with his right hand.

4. They leave the stage at L., gesturing excitedly. Softly on the organ The Palm.

5. Two women with palm branches enter at L. They are followed by a disciple. Two soldiers follow. The women and the soldiers cross the stage slowly. The disciple comes forward a little as he walks.

6. Nathanael enters at R. and goes quickly to centre to meet the disciple and stops him as the others leave the stage at R.

7. The disciple points R. with left hand.

8. The disciple holds up his right hand in a gesture of silence. Off stage at R. a hidden choir sings When, His Salvation Bringing, to Zion Jesus Came. If a choir is not available, the hymn may be played on the organ. As the music begins the disciple hurries off at R., leaving Nathanael alone. He listens intently and crosses his arms slowly upon his breast, looking R. Toward the close of the hymn he turns toward the audience and looks upward until the last notes.

9. Nathanael bows his head and walks a few steps L.

10. Faintly on the organ a suggestion of Holy Night, Peaceful Night. Nathanael stops and, without turning around, raises his head as if listening.

11. He shakes his head.

12. He starts L. again. Holy Night, Peaceful Night comes out *forte* on the organ. He turns and looks R., raises his hands and starts R.

13. Two soldiers enter R. gesticulating and smiling. Nathanael stops. The soldiers pass between him and the audience. They stop at the centre.

14. The soldier strikes his spear on the ground. Nathanael watches the soldiers.

15. The soldiers leave the stage at R., still making quick gestures.

16. Nathanael looks R. and then turns and, shaking his head and clasping his right hand on his breast, goes out slowly at L. Softly the organ plays There is a Green Hill Far Away.

Scene 4. The home of a disciple. The following Christmas Eve. To the R. of the centre of the stage is placed a small table covered with a long white cloth. On the table is a roll of parchment, a loaf of bread, and a large silver or bronze cup. On each side of the table are two dark stools, and at the head a somewhat higher chair. After the table has been arranged there is silence, and then the organ plays Break Thou the Bread of Life. At the close of the hymn the reading begins.

1. The five disciples enter at L. The two women sit at R. of table, two men at L. and the third man at the head. They bow their heads in prayer for a moment.

2. The leader at the head of the table rises and takes the cup.

3. He holds the cup aloft with both hands.

4. He replaces the cup on the table and sits down.

5. The man nearest him leans forward and holds out both hands.

6. The leader points on high.

7. The woman nearest the audience leans forward.

8. She makes the gesture of handing a cup and then points to the sky.

9. The leader stands and takes up a parchment.

10. On the organ the soft music of Scene 1.

11. All look toward the door. The leader goes off stage L. The other men hurry to L. and meet Cleopas, who brings in Nathanael, half carrying him in his arms. The women rise. They put Nathanael in a chair at L. of table. His head is sunk on his breast.

12. Two men kneel beside him as if binding up his wounds.

13. Nathanael raises his head and opens his eyes. The men help him to his feet and then step back. Nathanael sways unsteadily, looking from one to the other.

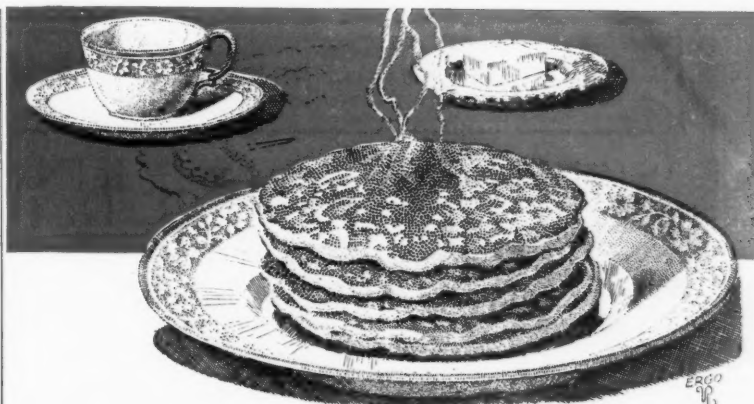
14. Cleopas places his left hand on his heart and with his right hand makes a sweeping gesture designating all of them.

15. Nathanael seizes Cleopas's hand. He sways again as if very weak.

16. Nathanael becomes motionless. One of the women takes one step forward and turns to the door at R. They all turn and listen. Then one by one, some with bowed heads, some with outstretched hands, some with faces upturned, they pass off the stage at R., leaving Cleopas and Nathanael alone. As the song fades away Nathanael turns to Cleopas in surprise.

17. Cleopas slowly raises his arms aloft.

18. Cleopas goes to Nathanael and, placing one arm round his waist, leads him out at R. Their faces are turned upward. The song grows clear and full again. All lights are turned on full.




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